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Choice Poetry.

OUR BABY.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

When the morning, half in shadow,
Has along the hill and meadow,
And the wild-rose blooms fairest
Over cottage porch and gate;
Opening every rain-hung flower
Every purple morning-glory,
And embalming from the bushes
Tinging lobby and pleasant thickets:
That's the time our little baby,
Dragged from Paradise, if may be,
Comes with eyes like heaven above him—
Oh, we could not choose but love her!

But enough of such fair coming,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing any repeating,
Ever lovely, ever in sight—
Sunny eyes and sunset tresses,
While some, made for fairy caresses,
Say that heaven was wood of children,
Other thinking, never positive
Beauty rests in completeness,
Grateful of childish wonderment;
That's the way our little baby,
That's the time our little baby,
Dragged from Paradise, if may be,
Comes with eyes like heaven above him—
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That's the time our little baby,
Dragged from Paradise, if may be,
Comes with eyes like heaven above him—
Oh, we could not choose but love her!

Now the time she doth lie on,
Covered with roses, here in Time;
Or, as yet a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow:
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the region of God's vengeful,
Past the rains and sawyers holy,
To the Earth there, meek and lowly.
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

Original Novelet.

EOLINE;

OR,

MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLILLE LEE HENRY,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus passed evening after evening, and then day after day became. Eoline found a thousand things to do she had never thought of before, that called her from her room, so that Sir Leon and Amelia were often left together. She began to feel very jealous, quite incompatible to others, but which made it an anxiety for her to sing, and Amelia was obliged to supply her place in the duets with Sir Leon. Indeed, it was evident to her many of these duets had been had seen her at that moment, he would have married Eoline in a very few days.

"There is no faith in man," said she, when the midnight found her sitting chilled and alone in Eoline's room, she would have left, but could be called solitude, where Cathy's breathing gave some comfort, (the consolation of suffering presence,) and the expiring lamp was flickering dimly on the wall. "Louise was right when she said they would win Irving who could satisfy the boundless desires of the human heart. There is no heart in man, no stableness or shadow of change. Let me try to be like them, and win some evidence of worldly passion. Let me anchor my soul on the Rock of eternal ages." It is scarcely metaphorical to say that she worked herself into that belief by her own spirit. We will not say she came off conqueror, but she gained at least a truce, and there was an outward semblance of tranquility. But even that little soon consoled a change in his thousand graces.

"What makes you sit so white, Eo l?" he would say, passing his hand over her cheek, and then cheeks, "and your eyes don't shine as they did. They look like the stars in the sky—now they look like stars down in the water."

"You will be a poet, Willie," said she, smiling and sighing at the same time. "You were a fool, young enough to be one."

"What is a poet?" asked Willie. "Is it a good thing to be?"

"It is one who is full of beautiful thoughts," replied Eoline, "who sees bright images and clothes objects with the colors of his own heart. Darkness and uniformity. He creates them, and they are his own mind, and he sees all over throughout to the music of his own lyre."

"Is not God a great poet?" asked the child, reverently. Then stopping, and looking his face he added, "is Horace Cleveland a poet?"

"I don't know. Did he tell you he loved you when he gave you the flowers I sent you?"

"Not in a strange question, Willie?" cried Eoline, with a trembling blush.

"I told him to say so," said Willie, as if he were surprised that Eoline should ask such a praiseworthy. "Because I told him, too, I should not love him if he did not love you."

"How could you talk to him in such a manner?" exclaimed Eoline, more angry than she had ever been with Willie before, "you are utterly offending, my heart-felt gratitude. You are ungrateful, for you forget that my own feelings for the happiness of another. I have seen your struggles, and glory in your triumph. I would be happy, for your sake, not rightly, justly. You will be happy, for you are beloved by your exacting nature—Sir Leon is a tropic one, for more fitting to bloom in your congenial clime. But I am not. I am tenderly, for she could not bear neglect. Let her always have the first place in your heart, but remember, I must always claim second."

"Yes," said Sir Leon, as he pressed for the last time the hand of Eoline, "I am not like his, for your sake, but I must ever adore and worship you."

"I owe my happiness to you," whispered Amelia, when she hung round Eoline's neck in parting. "I owe my wrongs to you, for which I bless you, Eoline, and shall forever bless you."

"To your cherishing care I owe my daughter's restoration from a state far worse than death, to health and happiness," cried Mr. Wilton, and his deep-toned voice faltered with emotion. "In every prayer to Almighty God, we shall remember you."

Mrs. Wilton uttered the same sentiments, while clasping her in a maternal embrace. This hallowed by blessings, Eoline ought to have been happy, and she was for awhile, but there soon came a vacuum, which no domestic duties or joy could fill. The barrier to her union with Horace Cleveland was now removed, but were his feelings unchanged? Her father had told her that he was expected at his levée, and then he would learn that she was free. But his return was indefinitely postponed, and having learned one lesson of the inconstancy of man, and all her faith in the immutability of his character could prevent the misgivings that entered her heart, and cast a dejected and languid expression over her naturally beaming countenance.

"Well, Eoline," said her father, folding his gray wrapper closely round him, and resuming his embroidered slippers, "you need fear no more persecution on account of Horace Cleveland. It seems the fair Spaniard has met those in method at last. I should like to see the man who could win and wear those laurels. He has achieved such a miracle."

"Is he going to be married?" asked she, suppressing all outward emotion, but with a deadly, sinking sensation within.

"I suppose so," muttered Mr. Glenmore, carelessly, "the marriage usually follows love, when fortune and family are equal. Apropos, Mr. Cleveland was anxious to persuade a union between him and the bewitching young widow, who is left with a splendid jointure, and would make me the subject. He answered that his affections were engaged to another, and nothing would induce him to give his hand without his heart. He did not mention the name of the lady, but some one who had called at Mr. Cleveland's, hinted through the town where Horace resided, told who she was, and says he is a great lover—a relative of the child whom he rescued from drowning—Eoline! what is the matter? You are as pale as ashes."

"It is no worse," said she, drawing her chair back, so that her father could not see her face. "Go on."

"I have nothing more to say, only this, that I think you have been the greatest fool in the universe, to throw away a fortune merely for a very respect,—a match that would have bound two dwellings, surrounded by wood and standing, indissolubly together,—a match, on which you set my heart and will, before your eyes beheld the light of its sun. You are ruined never again to hope till now. I always thought the time would come, when you would thank me for your folly and regret."

"It is true, father!" exclaimed Eoline. She spoke in such a tone of anguish, that her father was touched. He thought it was caused by his disappointment, and in the fullness of his unconditional forgiveness for the past, it was augmentation to his wrath for the future. He tried to smooth out the eleven marks on his brow, and to speak in a soothing voice.

"I do not wish to make you unhappy, Eoline," said he, taking the hand that lay upon the arm of the sofa. It trembled, and was cold, though she had just complained of the heat. "All of my children originate in my hope for you. Of course I have some family pride. It is in your account."

"All my children are now content in you, dear father," she cried, pressing his hand with energy against her heart, which beat so wildly throbbing. "I only ask to live and die with you."

Before she had finished the short sentence, she had worked herself up to the highest pitch of over-wrought sensibility on the former subject. Mr. Glenmore, our daughter," said he, touching her with unwonted tenderness, for he had never seen her weep before, and was much moved by her emotion, "I did not mean to be harsh or cruel to you. I am grieved I have permitted to forget and forgive. For your eyes, and for me. There is nothing the music to drown unpleasant recollections. Go to your harp and sing me a song."

Eoline moved his mellow unresistingly, and as he said he had never heard her sing so sweetly and pathetically. She sang a few of her most plaintive, and a bright light came into her eyes, and a crimson spot to her cheek, while her lips wore a smile of joy. If Horace Blair had seen her at that moment, he would have married her in a very few days.

"And now, father," said she, standing behind him as he sat upon the sofa, and putting her arms round his neck, "I have nothing further to ask of you—I have no ambition to ask, on which all my happiness depends. I have told you I am yet young—I have time enough before me. Let me remain with you, and be your daughter."

"The devil I do!" exclaimed Mr. Glenmore, starting from his seat, and forgetting his dignity in his overwhelming astonishment. "Eoline, you are crazy—you are infatuated—you are ruined!"

"Not ruined, in wealth, in personal and mental endowments, he equals your fondest hopes. Dearest father, you have not blighted my happiness. I am only a portion of your father's pride, and I could not have shown I did not honor and esteem."

"Eoline, I do not understand you. Have your capacities and faculties, and forgiven them all, been destroyed by your passion for a man in our midst, free to choose, when I see so much your superior, and when I have told you you yourself must so happy in his presence, as to shroud me into the belief that you were bewitched? Are you mad, child, or have you become my long-cherished wishes at last breezed with blasphemy? Answer me, Eoline, I command you, and what is more—I will not."

Mr. Glenmore had talked himself into fever heat, and he fanned himself violently with his handkerchief.

"Dearest," said Eoline, meekly, "only see his cause, and if you do will not consent, I will never see him more. I will write to Horace Cleveland, if you desire it, and tell him that I have no more to say to him, and that I will never see him more. I will not say that I love him, for you have forbidden it, and I will obey you. You can trust me, father, for you have always found me so. I will write now, if you will, your must approve."

"I remember this promise, Eoline, for by the memory of your mother, I know I shall require its fulfillment. I knew the young man from not whom I was willing to confide, and in no Horace Cleveland. Well, where is this sanctum, this inviolable retreat you require?"

"Here, father, if you will permit me to write here."

"Here! Good God! and Eoline, with a hesitating tone, "perhaps you will not like its sound, and it may prejudice you against it."

"John Brown, or Peter Scribes, perhaps."

"Neither, my dear father, but—but—Eoline!"

"What is a poet?" asked Willie. "Is it a good thing to be?"

"It is one who is full of beautiful thoughts," replied Eoline, "who sees bright images and clothes objects with the colors of his own heart. Darkness and uniformity. He creates them, and they are his own mind, and he sees all over throughout to the music of his own lyre."

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Our Picture Gallery.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD DEPOT, BOSTON.

The station-house at the termination of the Fitchburg Railroad in Boston, is three hundred and sixteen feet long and ninety six wide, built of granite at a cost of more than seventy thousand dollars exclusive of the land on which it stands. It is two stories high, and has four grassite towers sixty feet in height. In the second story is an immense hall extending the whole length of the building.

Original Novelet.

THE BISCARDEN DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "LOST HUSBAND," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLI.

ELOIS'S FORTUNES.

You shall be blessed as once you were with friends,
That is the enduring joy of love your own you kindly lend.
Beloved and loving those that you've known so long and well!
The dear familiar places where your childish footsteps fell.

It was Saturday night, and Doctor Hudson had not yet returned home as expect. The following week was a comparative, Elsie's work, however, was not done yet, though the clock was on the stroke of twelve, for having gotten through with all the heavy household duties observed up the supper-table, put the children to bed, and persuaded her mother to retire to rest, she set the coffee pot and a covered plate and dish to keep warm by hot fire-hearth, polished the fire, drew a little table up before it, and sat down with a large basket of stockings to darn—a couple of hours more of little hose and half-a-dozen pair of large ones—all to be looked over, and put in order for the week. And Elsie, with her usually happy alchemy at turning everything into pleasure, found even this task a pleasant one, for she knew that it was very fortunate she had so many stockings to darn, as it made the time pass so much faster, and the hours fly by. Besides, Elsie was very weary! very well prepared to appreciate the blessings of the Sabbath that might cessation from work a positive duty. Yes, she was very weary, indeed, the early signs of fatigue she showed were in the deeper dark rings under the bright light of her eyes, and the clammy moisture of her hands, and the flushed that half-mounted the golden ringlets. The last little stocking was drawn upon her hand, and the light needle swiftly guiding in and out among the meshes of the yarn, when the quick gallop of a horse's feet on the road, approached the house and soon came, and in an instant more the door was thrown open, and Doctor Hartsdale entered.

"No, do not stir! All still, dear Elsie! Let me set you down, and you may resume your work. He threw off his great coat, drew a chair to the hearth, seated himself by her, and placed a little the space of half-a-minute. Then he took her hand, gave her purse, pressed it, and opening his hand, watched the rosy tide ebb and flow through the small knuckles. "Elsie," said he, "how long have we been married, love?"

"Eleven years and more," replied she, looking up, inquiringly.

"Do you remember, dear, Judge Wylie's ball given in honor of your return from school? Do you remember that we had just heard of my changed prospects, and that we knew it would be our last meeting for a long time in the hills of cold and cold denial—and do you remember, love, that I took this last opportunity to seal revealing for its destiny as I lay in my hand the little golden key that should open the sparkling with diamonds like icicles on snow's fairy hand—an ideal hand?"

"Do you remember the dress you were upon the occasion of that ball, Elsie? Of course you do, dearly! I do not know the material of which it was composed, but it was white, and it was all moved—a soft and radiant mist! And when I looked down upon it, remembering the fact that would change it for a plain garb such as befitted the young doctor's wife—you smiled hopefully, and I thought you the most beautiful and angelic enchlored creature, you would wear a much richer dress than that, and still look as lovely.

"Well! Elsie is a lovely name, dearest Magnus! And the Princess Charlotte herself, the idol baby of all England, could not say more than I would to people, especially where youth is heightened by such sanguine blood as mine, have too many companions hope—but to see my ideal reach actual. I say again, your Elsie is happy, dear Magnus, and if she is not the world, she could not say more?"

Elsie looked on in fond admiration for a little while, and then said—

"Elsie, dearest, there is one thing at least in which we have not failed to keep our promise, and in which we have not failed to keep our promise, and in which we have not failed to keep our promise, and

"'Garnet!' she is a *diamond* of the first water! Is it possible that this should be so? I can scarcely credit the testimony of my eyes and ears! That Miss Seabright, as soon as she reached her majority, should have given up her estate. Oh! it must have been a mere impulse of youthful enthusiasm. She could not have known the value of money and property—and besides, you must have used great powers of persuasion with her!"

"No—you are wrong in every point. It was not enthusiasm—all her enthusiasm was enlisted on the other side, in favor of social distinction, for which she considered wealth indispensable. Nor was she ignorant of the value of money—no! enlightened by experiences in the extremes of—first, poverty, and afterwards, wealth—this girl of twenty-one had as accurate a knowledge of the value of money and property as any miser, beggar, or banker of forty-two! Nor was it without a struggle she resigned the estate. Most terrible indeed was the battle in her soul before Justice subdued Ambition! Nor was it through my persuasion that she made this glorious sacrifice to right! No! —no mere words of mine could have subdued that towering pride—governed that aspiring ambition! No!—I simply set the truth before her, and let it work its way! No!—I set the truth before her, and then I might have gone to Patagonia or Bhering's Straits, and the result would have been the same. She would never have known an hour's peace until she had restored the property, at whatever sacrifice to her pride and ambition!"

Here Elsie broke forth, exclaiming—

"Oh! what a noble girl! Oh! I love and admire her so much! I do think if I were in mother's place now, I should be Quixotic enough to convey the whole estate back again to her! At least, I know I would make her take back half of it! My heart burns towards that noble girl, and I feel half ashamed that we would benefit by her magnanimity. I feel as if she is more noble than we are!"

"Yes, yes! she is indeed a noble, a wonderful girl!" exclaimed Doctor Hardcastle.

"And this noble, this wonderful girl—" said Hugh, with his cheeks and eyes kindling with pride and joy—"this glorious girl is going to be my wife! Congratulate me, dear friends," he suddenly exclaimed, impulsively thrusting out a hand to each.

"Going to be your wife? I am so glad!" exclaimed Elsie, pressing his left hand.

"Going to be your wife? Why then, dear Hugh, this great sacrifice is fully as much *yours as hers*—since what was hers would have been yours!" said Doctor Hardcastle, shaking his right hand.

"Never mind that! only wish me joy!"

"We do! we do! with all our hearts!" said Elsie, clasping his hand again. "But when are you going to be married, Hugh?"

"Next Thursday four weeks. Having deprived Nettie of all her wealth, I must take her as soon as possible, under my legal protection, unsettled as I am, and trust God with the result! Yes, next Thursday four weeks; that will give you time to prepare to come to Mount Calm, which, having been just handsomely fitted up for the reception of Miss Seabright, on her return from Europe, is in a proper condition to receive your family. Miss Seabright will remain at Mount Calm until our marriage, which will take place there. We wish you to arrive at or before our wedding day, that when we leave the mansion house, we may leave you in possession."

"Hugh, we are not, of course, authorised to promise anything in the name of Mrs. Garnet who is at this moment ignorant of Miss Seabright's magnanimity; but—I would she were here to answer for herself!"

Here the clock struck twelve, and Doctor Hardcastle, lighting another candle, said,

"Friends, it is Sunday morning. Let us waive the discussion of worldly matters for to-day! Hugh, you know your chamber. Good night!"

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while,
Above yet never separate from thy kind,—
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.
This is the riddle thou hast life to solve;
But in the task thou shalt not work alone,
For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with His own.
J. Monckton Milnes.

In the meantime, Miss Seabright was preparing to resign her state. [illegible] in this [illegible], but ambition [illegible], to abdicate her elevated social position, and step down upon the common level, to take with the common herd. You have already seen how, in the fearful struggle which had ensued in that dread bosom-tempest—all the latent selfishness which marred that noble nature, was thrown up and exposed upon the crests of the foaming waves of passion. But if, in this soul storm, her hidden evil was cast up to view, it was also cast *off*. And then when the waves of her heart subsided, and the clouds on her brain dispersed, and the sun of right shone out clear and bright, illuminating her soul, and revealing her to herself—*then* she saw that there was something in her own nature greater than all her adventitious surroundings. *Now* she would not have said to Hugh what she had said before "I am not much, shorn of my beams." No, indeed! there was consolidating in her heart, a noble, steadfast, self-appreciation, that would no more falsify itself by factitious humility, than degrade itself by unjust action. And having once made the sacrifice, and turned her back upon the splendors of her past fortune—there was no regret—no looking back, like Lot's wife —her face was set to her forward path—her strong, impetuous soul already rushing on to realize her future of loving and hopeful toil with Hugh for her companion and guide. With Hugh! How, at the recurring of his very name the tide of emotion, like the rushing of a mighty river, would roll over her, overwhelming and confusing her soul with a sort of lost, delirious joy. Within this month of sacrifice, how much stronger and more concentrated had become her love for Hugh. And if the Judge of all hearts had demanded a reason for the mighty love that was in her, she would have been constrained to answer—"It is his moral integrity that has mastered my heart. It is his moral integrity that would not waver, for love or for ambition—those two mightiest passions of the human soul. I loved him before—I loved him well enough to have given him myself and all my wealth, but when I found in him a moral rectitude that would not bend for love of me, or hope of grandeur, I was drawn up to adore him! Yes! that is why I would rather follow him barefoot over all the earth, if necessary, and serve him as the Indian woman serves her lord, than be myself the object of worship to all the world."

Yes, there was a man to love through life and unto death; there was a man to repose upon in all weakness, to confide in in all emergencies; whom the combined power of love and ambition, beauty, wealth, and the usages of society that would have justified him, could never move from his uprightness. There was a pillar of strength to cling to in a storm! It was with as much high-born pride and joy as love, that Garnet thought of her betrothed.

The month and her preparations drew near their close. She was daily expecting to hear of the arrival of the family of Doctor Hardcastle at Hemlock Hollow. Doctor Hutton, who had not yet returned, was to come with them. She was looking for them by every stage, and hourly she added some new attraction to the preparations she was making to receive them. The ancients were accustomed to adorn a sacrifice before offering it up, and the same instinct impelled Miss Seabright daily to walk through her halls and chambers, designing, with her artistic taste, new improvements and embellishments for the palace home she was about to resign.

The wedding-day arrived. It was a bright and beautiful day in May. Upon the evening previous, Doctor Hardcastle, with his family, had arrived at Hemlock Hollow. Therefore, there had been no time or opportunity for a meeting between them and Miss Seabright, previous to the marriage-day. Doctor Hutton was a guest at the Hollow, and a note from him to Miss Seabright, informed her that they would all be at Mount Calm at an early hour of the morning. Owing to the rather recent deaths in the family, and the peculiarity of the circumstances, it had been arranged that the marriage ceremony should be performed quietly at eight o'clock in the morning, in the saloon of Mount Calm, in the presence of few witnesses, and that immediately after the ceremony and breakfast, the young couple should depart to seek their Western home, leaving Mrs. Garnet in possession of the mansion house and the estate. The only guests invited were the Hardcastles, with Mrs. Garnet, Judge Wylie and Miss Wylie, and their old friend, the Reverend Mr. Wilson, with his wife and young sister. The marriage ceremony was to be performed after the Episcopal ritual, by the recently installed pastor of the New Church.

At seven o'clock in the morning, therefore, the few privileged friends—with the exception of the Hardcastles, who had not yet arrived—were assembled in the saloon of Mount Calm, awaiting the entree of the bridal party.

At last, the carriage containing the family from Hemlock Hollow, drove up, and paused before the main entrance of the mansion, and Doctor Hardcastle alighted, followed by Doctor Hutton, who then handed out Mrs. Garnet and Mrs. Hardcastle. They passed up the marble stairs and into the hall, where they paused until Mrs. Garnet had sent up a servant to the bride, to request the favor of being received by her before she should come down into the saloon, and obtained an answer that Miss Seabright would be pleased to see Mrs. Garnet and Mrs. Hardcastle in her own apartment.

The servant who brought back this message bowed and offered to show the ladies up. Mrs. Garnet and her daughter followed him up the broad stair-case, into the upper hall—and through a door into an elegant front dressing-room, which Alice recognized with a smile as having been her own bed-chamber.

The room, when they entered, was vacant of other occupants, but they had scarcely seated themselves at the front windows when the opposite folding doors opened, and Miss Seabright appeared before them.

A novice when she is about to renounce forever the pomps and vanities of the world, and take the black veil of the nun, arrays herself for the last time in costly apparel. So, Miss Seabright, when about to resign forever all pretensions to splendor, arrayed her glorious form with almost regal magnificence. Her bridal costume was a rich Mecklin lace over white and silver brocaded satin, and festooned with boquets of pearls and diamonds, a fine and ample lace veil confined above her lurid ringlets by a wreath of the same priceless gems.

Mrs. Garnet raised her eyes to look upon the bride—she had never seen Miss Seabright before, and now at the first sight of her magnificently beautiful form and face, Alice started violently; all the blood suddenly left her cheeks for an instant, and then rushed back again, crimsoning her face to the very edges of her hair! So startling, so strong, so *painful* was the resemblance of Miss Seabright to the late G[illegible], and sweetness [illegible] there was the same turn of head and neck—the same fiery, dark hair—the same smouldering and flashing eyes—the same beautiful lips—the same bewildering smile! The only difference was, that in place of the latent diabolism under General Garnet's countenance—all Heaven shone from Miss Seabright's. Alice felt that she looked upon her late husband's face, only with its beauty idealized, elevated, made divine! The vague, half-formed suspicions concerning the paternity of Garnet Seabright, that had occasionally floated through her mind, now became painfully confirmed. As she gazed, chills and heats alternately shook her frame—and then a strong, yearning compassion mingled with the high admiration she had hitherto felt for the noble souled girl, and she said to herself—"I wonder if she knows it"—then looking at her more attentively, she exclaimed inwardly—"No! no! she does not know or suspect it! My soul upon it, she does not know or suspect it! No! there is a high self-appreciation, a grandeur in her mien and air, a majesty seated on that pure and lofty brow, unconscious of shame! unconscious of the very possibility of shame! God shield her from the knowledge! for oh! as I look upon her noble presence now, I feel too surely that the knowledge of her shame would kill her with a stroke swift, sharp, and sure! God shield her from the knowledge! It were sacrilege to discrown that imperial brow of its diadem of unsullied honor—and brand it with shame instead! God shield the innocent from the knowledge of guilt which is infamy! God shield her! Oh, I can now forgive my dead husband for having cheated me out of this beautiful daughter; when I think he had the grace to keep her innocent of the knowledge of her parentage and his guilt? Yet how he must have loved her! Oh! doubtless, many times when his brow was overcast with gloom and sullenness, it was with the thought of this child! He never confided his sins, or his troubles to me! Would he had? I could have been as much of a friend as a wife to him! Would he had had faith enough in me, when the poor little one was orphaned, to have laid her on my bosom instead of exiling her to that bleak isle! I would have brought her up as my own—did he dream that I could have been otherwise than good to a little child? But he would not trust me! Strange, that in the face of all experience, men will ever judge women by their own natures! He could tyrannize over me in a thousand useless ways—yet never could venture to bring the motherless child to my arms! No, he could never tell me until that night, when drunken both with brandy and bad passions—he taunted me with the fact!" (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Miscellaneous.

A Lover's Mishaps.—There was two Sal 'Bits' in our town—Sal Stebbins and Sal Babit; real corn-fed gals, I swow. Sal Stebbins would lift a barrel of cyder out of eend of a cart as quick as any other feller, and drink it tew. Sal Babit was so fat, she'd roll one way just as easy as t'other, and if anything, a little *easier*. Well, there was a corn husking, and I went along with Sal Stebbins; there was all the gals and boys settin' round, and I got sot down so near Sal Babit, that I'll be darned if I didn't kiss her afore I know'd what I was about. Sal Stebbins she blushed; the blood rushed right up into her hair; she was the best *red* critter I ever did see. I thought it was all up with me, and sure enough it was, for when I asked her if she would go hum with me, she said,

"No; you needn't trouble yourself nothin' 'tall 'bout it."

"Well, if your'e mind to get spunky, I guess I can git a gal that will let me see her hum. Sal Babit, shall I go hum with you?"

"Well," says she, "I don't mind if you dew."

Arter that, Sal Stebbins married a feller in our town, by the name of *Post*—blind in one eye, and deaf in one ear—jist to spite me, nothin' else; so I thought if she was a mind to take a feller that couldn't see or hear any tew well, I'd better let her slide; so I went away from hum, and was gone about three—four—five years! Yes, jist about five years, 'cause I know when I got back she had four little *Posts*. I went. I went to see how she got along. She asked me to come in and set down; so I tuck a cheer and squatted; and she tuck a cheer and squatted; and we both squatted there together. Her young ones was all runnin' round on the floor; she pinted to them, and said, in a sort of bragging way,

"You see them, don't you?"

"Yes," says I, squintin' up one eye, "I see, they're all jist like their daddy—blind in one eye."

She was bilin' dumblings at the time, and as soon as she saw me shut up one eye, she out with a hot dumplin', and let me have it in t'other, which made me shut it up a darn'd sight quicker than I ever did afore, and I hain't been in love since that time.

Moral Courage.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas commends Mr. Rhett in the following paragraph, for declining to fight a duel with Mr. Clemens:

For more than twenty years he had been a member of the Church of Christ, and he feared more to offend his God, than to incur the disfavor of man. He made no boast of his courage; it was not more than the ordinary portion of man, but he dared to do his duty; to maintain the right, and to resist error. There was an impressive solemnity in the Senate when he thus nobly stood up, and was neither ashamed nor afraid to declare, unhesitatingly and frankly, that he was afraid to offend his God by the crime of duelling. No one can accuse me of having ever entertained any partiality, either for the political views, or for the personal character of Mr. Rhett; but God forbid that I should fail to do justice to any one, that exhibits, under such trying circumstances, a moral courage so noble, so dignified, and so solemn, as that exhibited to-day.

Temperance Anecdote.—The following anecdote was told of a very clever fellow, who had been somewhat frolicsome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance: After becoming a "Son," he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and after examining him, pronounced him in a very dangerous position, and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him that he could not take it. The doctor insisted that it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The doctor said he must or he would have spasms. "Well," said the Son of Temperance, "I will try a *couple of spasms* first!" He did not take the brandy, nor did he have the spasms, but went on his way rejoicing.

The Rappings.—We are informed by "spiritual authority," that Dr. Coolidge is alive and practising his profession in San Francisco, where he is not known, and goes by the name of John Clark—that he will soon be discovered, and die by the hand of the executioner. By the same authority we learn that the body substituted for Coolidge at Thomaston was brought from Boston—that the individual was murdered by a friend of Coolidge, named Samuel Jones, and the name of the murdered man was David Anderson.—*Bangor Mercury.*

☞ When travelling in the cars, always take a seat in the rear of a fat old gentleman. In case of a collision, he breaks the hurt wonderfully.

☞ There is a gentleman connected with one of our theatres, blessed with a nose so large, that he has to blow it with a boot-jack.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others [illegible] would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude this week Mrs. Lee Hentz's charming and beautiful story of "Magnolia Vale." While our readers will be glad to have the conclusion, they will be sorry, we know, to part with the weekly visits of so refined and elegant a writer. We trust, however, at a future day, that they will be enabled to renew their intimacy with Mrs. Lee Hentz in our columns.

Next week we shall conclude Mrs. Southworth's splendidly written novelet of "The Discarded Daughter"—which we think is not surpassed (if equalled) by any of her productions. Its great length, and our consequent inability to furnish back numbers to new subscribers, have been our only objections to it. For brilliancy and power, we consider Mrs. Southworth unsurpassed by any American writer.

Next week, or, at the furthest, by the week after, we expect to commence the second novelet of this year's series:—

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST.
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Mr. Bennett, as a depicter of Western Scenes, has already acquired considerable reputation, which we trust his present effort is destined to greatly increase. Mr. Bennett himself thinks that "Viola" is, to say the least, not excelled by anything that he has written.—Being of a somewhat different character from any novelet we have recently published, we [illegible] of pleasure to our readers.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Post still continues its onward progress—our list steadily increasing from week to week. Owing to the large increase since the first of the year, we have been unable to supply the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's story to a very numerous body of new subscribers. We have also received letters stating that many persons in certain neighborhoods wished to subscribe, but did not want to do so in the middle of a story. The beginning of Mr. Bennett's novelet will afford an opening to this latter class, and, in order to furnish back papers to those who wish them, we shall add an extra number to our already very large edition. "Viola," we think, will run through about eight numbers of our paper.

INTERESTING FACTS.

In a recent Report made by Mr. Brodhead, of this State, to the Senate, it appears that in December, 1784, Congress passed a resolution for the erection of the necessary buildings for the Seat of Government, "near the Falls of the Delaware," and appropriated $100,000 for the purpose. Commissioners were appointed, but nothing was done until 1787, when Mr. Lee, of Va., moved that the buildings be erected at Georgetown, which motion was lost. In 1787, the new Constitution was adopted, and in May, 1789, Mr. White, of Va., presented the resolutions of the Legislature of that State, offering Congress ten miles square of its territory. Mr. Seney, of Maryland, the following day presented a similar offer from that State. On the 5th of September, 1789, the House passed a resolution fixing the location on the Susquehanna River, in the State of Pennsylvania. It was amended in the Senate, and a clause inserted, locating the Seat of Government at *Germantown*, in *Pennsylvania*. This and other amendments were agreed to, so that Germantown was actually agreed upon by both Houses, but the bill failed on account of a slight amendment.

In view of the above facts, which conclusively prove that Pennsylvania was swindled or humbugged out of the Seat of Government, we suggest that an application be immediately made to Congress for 100 acres of land for each and every male and female, born, or to be born, in this State. Evidently this is our "*dead horse*," killed by the Federal Government *about* the time of the Revolution, for which the State has never received the first red cent, and for which, in this year of general plundering of the United States Treasury, we now should demand full compensation in land.

If Senator Brodhead has a *long*-head, too, we think he will press this claim till something comes of it. Mr. Cooper, also, if the State of Maryland has no further employment for him, might aid in *coopering* up this matter, till it presented a more respectable appearance than many of the claims which are yearly brought before Congress, and carried by the aid of gold, brass, or interesting young women.

Important—if True.—The "spirit" of Gen. Washington, through a "medium" at Woodstock, Vermont, has avowed himself a friend of a Protective Tariff. All the Whigs will, of course, at once become staunch believers in the "rappings."

The spirit of William Cobbett has also been invoked, and declares that he is suffering under a great private grievance. He alleges, it is said, that the "Young Man's Guide," by Mr. Alcott, is in essence and substance taken from his well-known "Advice to Young Men"—backing up his charges by references to chapter and page. Mr. Alcott, with nine-tenths of our American authors, will at once, it is supposed, enter their protest against the "rappers" as the most offensive kind of humbugs.

☞ Mr. N. P. Willis declined taking more of the $2,500, his damages from Forrest, than was sufficient to defray the expenses of the suit—this was the right stripe. He afterwards challenged John Van Buren, it appears, to follow him to Bermuda, and there adjust a "point of honor" evolved during the late trial—this was the wrong stripe. Mr. Van Buren is said to have declined going so far to be shot at. We should think it would hardly "pay." Wonder whether Mr. Willis offered to defray Mr. Van Buren's expenses? We think he ought.

The Art Unions.—The editor of the New York Herald has turned the tables upon the Art Union of that city, by commencing proceedings against it as an unlawful institution. The question is to be determined before Judge Oakley. The probabilities are that Mr. Bennett will succeed in closing the doors of the Union, under the law forbidding lotteries.

THE THEATRES.

We like to go and see a good and well-acted play,—we "acknowledge the corn," friends—we do—but we must confess that we have very little faith in the theatre, as at present conducted, as a "school of morals." The best that can be said for it is, that it keeps many a vulgar, rowdy, riotous spirit from even worse places. Sometimes, when we have looked down upon a yelling crowd in the pit of a theatre, and marked the class which composed a large majority of it, we have been disposed to acknowledge that any amusement was useful which could hold such materials in some kind of harmony and order for the space of three or four hours, refining their souls with music, and giving them at least occasional pictures of the ultimate triumph of innocence over guilt, and the ultimate exposure and defeat of cunning vice by candid virtue.

But if the theatre can be successfully defended by such a course of argument as this—and we have not yet been able to determine satisfactorily for ourselves whether it can or cannot —it is evident that it can no longer be defended, when plays which illustrate the triumphs of virtue are thrown aside, for those of an opposite character. When the theatre sinks into the panegyrist of thieves and murderers, then has the time come for its suppression. We see that in New York recently, one theatre was representing the villainies of Paul Clifford, another those of Dick Turpin, and a third those of Jack Sheppard. We do not pay particular attention to the theatrical showbills in this city, but we believe our own stage has been guilty, to some extent, recently, of a similar offence against good morals. As a commentary upon the effect of the theatre in New York, we quote the following from a contemporary:—

During the past month, *six boys* have been tried for burglary, and convicted; every one of whom admitted to stealing money in the beginning, that they might visit the shilling pits of the theatres. And every one was arrested *in* the theatre.

In conclusion, we may say that one of two things appears to us as certain to happen before many years: Either the elevating to a certain extent of the character of our theatres, by a greater attention to the morality of plays, dances, &c.; or, the entire suppression of the public stage as a school of vice and a common nuisance.

BISHOP DOANE.

The Special Episcopal Convention, called by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, adopted resolutions sustaining the Bishop in his view of the action of the Bishops of Virginia, Maine and Ohio, and expressing entire confidence in the uprightness of character and purity of intention which have actuated him during his Episcopate. The resolutions also affirmed the entire confidence of the Convention in the readiness of the Bishop to meet an investigation, at the same time that it deprecated such a proceeding. The resolutions were adopted by an average vote of about 48 to 9. A protest against the action of the Convention was offered by two of the members, but the Convention refused to record it on the minutes. The protest took the ground that the conduct of the three Bishops was not a matter for the investigation of the Diocese of New Jersey, but of the Bishops of the whole church.

Mr. Cooper and the Press.—Mr. W. C. Bryant, the poet, who delivered the oration at the Festival in honor of Fenimore Cooper, took occasion to refer in an approving manner to the great novelist's numerous libel suits against the press. To allude to these suits at all, upon such an occasion—reviving as it necessarily must some of the old feeling against Mr. Cooper—was in singularly bad taste; but Mr. Bryant erred to even a greater extent than this, by stating, through a culpable ignorance of the matter, that Mr. Cooper had been uniformly successful in these suits and liberal afterwards to his antagonists. The New York Tribune—one of the papers sued—gives a number of facts to prove that he was by no means uniformly successful. It says:—

He brought Col. Webb to trial repeatedly, and with almost if not quite uniform ill success; he sued the Tribune on two several occasions—the last time some eight or nine years ago, but never brought the suit to trial; he threatened us with several suits that he never saw fit to institute; and he was finally beaten before the Court of Errors in his second suit against Col. Stone, of the Commercial—Chancellor Walworth and other eminent jurists pronouncing opinions decidedly and very broadly against him—and the Court dividing about four to one."

The "Tribune" also denies the story of his generosity—it says that what the law gave him, that he exacted. The origin of those suits is [illegible] a neighborhood quarrel. The people of Cooperstown had been accustomed on boating excursions, to land upon a barren point of rock jutting from Mr. Cooper's grounds into Otsego Lake, which he abruptly, and as they thought churlishly, compelled them to evacuate and abandon. Their indignation at this found utterance in a newspaper of the village, which was copied approvingly by others; and thereupon Mr. Cooper commenced libel-suits—not waiting five weeks after the date of the offence —much less the "five years" that Mr. Bryant talks of.

The Washington Union and Louis Napoleon.—Mr. S. A. Polk, of Laurel, Del., writes to us in relation to a paragraph defending Louis Napoleon, (purporting to be extracted from the Washington Union), which we recently quoted, asking whether there was not some mistake about it? Mr. P. says that there is undoubtedly an error somewhere, and, to support his assertion, quotes the following from a recent editorial of the "Union's":—

"The novel *audacity* of Louis Napoleon's system consists in its *undisguised* conversion of the sacred names and forms of liberty into the instruments of a merciless despotism." Again: "Such are the main instruments with which Louis Napoleon dares to play at this day in France his game of despotism. He ostentatiously parades before the people the empty names, and the spectral shadows of their lost liberties. Ruling as an Autocrat, he thus chooses, in the routine of his tyranny, to perpetually remind France of the things which pertain to freedom. In his hands France realizes the doom of Tantalus. Can national humiliation go further? To a brave and generous people the fate of Poland would seem more tolerable."

"After such language as this," says our correspondent, "it would seem unnecessary to say that Mr. Donelson is too democratic to give utterance to such absurdities as are contained in the 'extract' you refer to."

Louis Napoleon.—The following portrait of the French Usurper, is from a foreign correspondent of the National Intelligencer:

The press about the President was quite as great as I have ever seen at the White House in Washington. But I got through it, introduced myself, shook hands, and offered congratulations; for I thought, until the issue of the new Constitution, that he had done well. He was in the uniform of a General, and is about five feet nine inches in height, of a compact, well-knit figure. The portraits you have seen of him are all good, and it struck me that he looked his character admirably—secret, calm, resolute, energetic. His most remarkable features are his eyes. Around them are many curious lines, indicative almost of cunning.—They are of no particular color, are almost vacant of speculation, and those who know him best, represent him as the most impenetrable of men; the great Houan himself could not unlock him.

It has generally been supposed that the arrangements for the affair of the 2nd December were made by De Morny, De Maupas and St. Arnaud, but I have it from *good authority* that the smallest details, even to the cutting of the drum-heads, were planned by Napoleon. Thus, on the morning of that day, at the posts of the National Guard, not a drum could be found fit for duty, and the order to beat the "rappel" could not be executed.

It will be perceived that the above is from the pen of one of those most curious compounds—an *American* admirer of Louis Napoleon.

St. Patrick's Day.—St. Patrick, this year, seemed to be in even a worse humor than usual. Whether the late Anti-Papal Bill in Great Britain had justly put the Saint in a passion, or that he was out of all patience with the impolitic speeches of Bishop Hughes,—whatever may have been the reason, Saint Patrick fretted, fumed, and stormed on his annual visit, almost beyond all precedent. The day was celebrated as usual with great heartiness by our Irish friends, but we must say that none of the celebrations was at all to be compared to the great "blow out" given by the Saint himself from six to nine o'clock in the evening.

Grace Greenwood.—A ridiculous story was recently started by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper, to the effect that Miss Clarke was on the point of embarking for England, with Miss Cushman, to appear upon the stage in a provincial theatre. Placing no faith in the rumor, we refrained from copying it; and it has recently been authoritatively denied. Probably the only foundation it had, was the fact that Miss Clarke contemplates a visit to Europe in the course of the ensuing Summer.

The Lantern, Punch, &c.—We are indebted to Mr. Callender, Third Street, opposite to the Exchange, for late copies of Punch, the Illustrated London News, the Lantern, &c. That capital picture of the Indian Princess, on our fourth page, is copied, with a slight alteration, from a recent number of the Lantern.

The Maine Liquor Law Again.—Last week we called attention to the Memorial of the Brewers and Maltsters, in our advertising columns —this week, we call attention to a reply to it, in the same place. Fire away, gentlemen! Both sides have now a capital chance for discussing the question in our advertising columns, before some 250,000 readers—and the cost of insertion ensures a commendable condensation and brevity.

Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SCANDINAVIA.

NUMBER V.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hamburg and Lubeck—To Copenhagen.

Dec. 1, 1851.

A bright, gay city is Hamburg, full of attractions for all classes of people, and a motley crowd is to be found in its floating population, each eagerly pursuing some favorite phantom—wealth and commerce on the one hand—pleasure and dissipation on the other. As a commercial city it is the most important in Germany, and its Exchange is daily overflowing with a throng of merchants, captains, speculators and others, in such a confusion of noise and bustle as one can hardly find in any other mercantile city of the world. You would think all the business of the town was here transacted. The Exchange is a splendid edifice, 250 feet by 180—the hall contains 26,000 square feet of floor, which is laid out in squares, by which men of business may be found at their posts; therefore as order prevails throughout all this seeming confusion. Around the hall are various offices, and in the corridors above are rooms for libraries, auctions, conferences, reading and conversation. This building stood alone in the midst of the great fire of 1842, saved by [illegible] efforts, when all around it was destroyed. After gratifying my curiosity in this temple of the worshippers of mammon, from whence a noise of deafening sound rose up and filled the air, I was glad to escape into the streets, when a comparative quiet prevailed. The streets were a novelty to me, by reason of the many canals intersecting them, and leading through all parts of the city. On these water streets were floating a variety of boats and small craft, not light gondolas, but heavy, tub-like vessels, which carry merchandise and produce between the shipping in the docks and the large commercial establishments within the town. More than eighty bridges of stone connect the various streets. High buildings stand on the edge of these canals; quaint, old-fashioned buildings, such as only German towns can boast of, in the old part of the town, while in the new, where it was burned in 1842, the broad streets and canals are lined with beautiful modern edifices. On the "Jungfernsteg," —Hamburg's celebrated promenade—which borders on the broad basin of the "Binnen Alster," the buildings are princely palaces, raised upon the ruins of the ancient city.

To the devotee of pleasure, Hamburg is as attractive as to the man of business. Reading-rooms, cafés, and a long list of spectacles, museums, panoramas, &c., afford useful entertainment, and a means of pleasant, social intercourse, and in the evenings, the numerous cafés and music-halls are thronged with idlers, who listen to song and music while partaking of refreshments. In the cafés are heard bands of young minstrels, with violins, harps, and guitars, singing the songs of the people; or wandering Tyrolese, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, who play on mandolins and citherns, and sing their mountain songs. The people appear to pass around from one of these popular entertainments to another, or to attend the theatres—thus they pass away the evening. Later in the night the polka-halls open, and begin to draw their worshippers, and from midnight the round of revelry goes on. All these are nightly thronged, and though the moral character of most of them may well be doubted, they appear to flourish under the sanction of the police, or, at least, by their connivance. But while the authorities tolerate these haunts of vice, their keen moral perception quickly decided against the introduction of the Bloomer costume, which was threatening to make its appearance—a Bloomer ball was advertised, and perhaps some "cases" had occurred in the streets, when an edict of the police promptly suppressed the nuisance. A half-masculine dress is often worn in those midnight balls, and in one, the "Hall of the Indian Maid [illegible]," the [illegible] sitting at the bar, [illegible] to the musicians often wear a coat and vest, but also long flowing skirts. Bloomerism was of republican origin, and they feared its introduction might lead to other importations. Hamburg, though nominally free, is still far from being free.

It is pleasant to turn from these haunts of brilliant dissipation, which seem to be unavoidable in a great commercial city, and which are shown to the traveller as the characteristics of Hamburg by which he is to learn the life and customs of the people, and to meet with the citizen in private life. It is pleasant, because then we learn that the real life of the citizen is not in those notorious haunts, but that they are chiefly frequented and supported by foreigners, and a loose, pleasure-loving class of the people. The citizens are honest, social, and warm-hearted. Though fond of pleasure, they are not generally dissipated. Cheerful and vivacious in the social circle, their highest enjoyment is not in the whirl of dissipation around them.

A few hours by railway brought me to the Baltic at Lubeck—ancient, deserted Lubeck. On arriving, I crossed over a drawbridge, and entered the city by an ancient portal—dark and prison-like, with its round towers, and gloomy, arched passage—but bearing in large letters the welcome inscription: "concordia domi et foris pax." I passed in, and having a few hours before the steamer left, I rambled through the town. Everywhere I saw traces of former wealth and splendor. Lubeck was once the queen of the Hanseatic League, and in her prosperity one hundred thousand people dwelt within her walls. Now she has scarcely one-fourth of that number. The citizens were wealthy merchants and nobles, who built their dwellings in the richest style of the age, and as modern improvement has not been active here, these curious old edifices stand as interesting memorials of the middle ages. The fronts of the houses are often richly carved and ornamented with curious figures, grotesque or beautiful; and the high-pointed gables are curved and moulded into an infinite variety of forms. The narrow streets are dark and crooked, and many of them are almost deserted. The churches have all high, pyramidal spires; the highest, those of St. Mary's, are 400 feet high. These are not so high as Hamburg's steeples; St. Michael's there is 550 feet. St. Mary's church is 500 years old; built in the form of a latin cross, 350 feet by 195. The interior is 125 feet to the arch. It is rich in sculpture and ornaments, and the walls and columns are literally covered with monumental tablets of the dignitaries of former days. They are generally rich armorial devices, bearing long inscriptions, and covered with a profusion of carving, and gilding, and flashing ornaments. The lofty arches, the high, mosaic windows, the grand altar, elaborately carved, the statues of saints, which stand around, all combine to form an impression of grandeur and solemnity. Among the sculptures and paintings are many excellent works of art. The "Dance of Death," is a strange device, intended to be a moral poem on canvass; it is an ancient work of artistic merit, but horrible to look upon. All ages, ranks and sexes, from Pope and Emperor to peasant and new-born infant, are led out by dancing skeletons, who, grasping each on either side an unwilling hand, form the whole group into a motley circle. Varied expressions of doubt, fear, anguish, despair, indifference, resignation, or hope, are well delineated, but I turned away from it at noon, to see the great clock strike twelve. A door opens, the twelve apostles come out, and walk around before the figure of Christ. Each separately turns and bows to his Master as he comes before Him, and then goes on his way. A door opens at the other side, they pass in and it closes after them. Other heavenly beings, of homely form, display their automaton skill. One angel strikes the hour, others raise trumpets and sound—no very harmonious strains. Below, are represented the day and hour, eclipses of the sun and moon, and the revolutions of the planets. This famous clock is 80 feet high, and richly ornamented; made, it is said, in the year 1,405, but the astronomical arrangements were added in 1809.

We passed down the Trave to the Baltic on a dark day, the last of November. Our steamer was the last of the season on the Northern waters. After a rough night we passed the White Cliffs of Moen Island in the bright rays of the rising sun, and in the evening of the day we landed in the city of the Danes. B. F.

☞ The extraordinary success of Brookmire, the California wheelbarrow emigrant, has stimulated others to follow in his track. A man, fifty years old, with nothing but a wheelbarrow, loaded with provisions, passed through Cincinnati the other day *en route* for the diggings.

New Publications.

Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places and People. By Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

A very attractive melange of choice poetry, interspersed with sketches in Miss Mitford's peculiarly pleasant style. Many of the poems will be new even to those whose acquaintance with general literature is varied and extensive. Among other things, there is a fine lyric, "The Sack of Baltimore," by Thomas Davis, an Irish poet, little known, but well deserving to occupy a brilliant place. Among American poets, Miss Mitford gives the palm to Longfellow, and quotes several of his beautiful poems. Afterwards she becomes aware of having overlooked other claims, and with the happy expression,—"There is commonly a flight of those singing-birds, as we had ourselves at the beginning of the present century," speaks highly of Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Holmes and Poe.

Her sketch of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so deeply interesting to the admirers of that noble poetess, our readers have had the pleasure of seeing—also, the description of a dinner-party at William Cobbett's. Then there is the sweet, sad story of Klopstock's Meta, conveyed in her own charming and most womanly letters to the novelist Richardson, and an extract from Hawthorne's "House with the Seven Gables," proving her appreciation of his genius, and a part of one of Webster's splendid speeches,—in short, it is a book made up of pleasant recollection, and favorite miscellaneous quotations of all sorts, for the value of which, to readers of a literary taste, Miss Mitford's name is a sufficient warrant.

Graham's Magazine.

The April number of Graham is embellished with an excellent steel engraving of "Coquettish Seventeen," one of the "Destruction of Sodom," and a number of beautifully printed wood engravings, very little inferior to steel ones. Among the literary contents we notice a continuation of the interesting article on "Optical Phenomena," by Thomas Milner, M. A.; "The First Age," by H. Didimus; a continuation of "The Life of Vicissitudes," by G. P. R. James; "The Bower of Castle Mount," by Ældric; "A True Irish Story," by Redwood Fisher; "The Condor Hunt," from Lynch's Naval Life; and a "Biography of B. H. Brewster," by G. R. Graham. A "Reply to Dwight's article on Mozart's Don Giovanni," appears to us not only an ably written but a very just criticism. From what we have seen of Mr. Dwight's articles on music, we are inclined to think that he has been greatly overrated by his Boston friends.

The "Impressions of England," by Fredrika Bremer, and the "Essay on Oliver Goldsmith," by a "new contributor," are very interesting articles.

Then there are ably-written literary notices, and "small talk"—among which latter we have looked in vain for a paragraph reprehending the practice of certain publishers in taking articles from the magazines without credit.

The Standard Speaker; containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry, for declamation in schools, academies, lyceums, colleges, &c., newly translated or compiled from the most celebrated orators, authors, and popular debaters, ancient and modern; with notes explanatory and biographical, a Treatise on Oratory and Elocution, &c. By Epes Sargent. Philadelphia: Published by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

The above is the title of a large duodecimo volume, in press, and to be published during the present month. There have been so many contributions to the great body of European and American eloquence during the last five years, that a new Speaker cannot fail to be in demand. The plan of the editor has been, while retaining all the old masterpieces for elocutionary practice, to give a majority of new and effective pieces, many of which have been translated from the French of Mirabeau, Victor Hugo, and other celebrated French orators.

A Reel in a Bottle, for Jack in the Doldrums; Being the Adventures of two of the King's Seamen in a Voyage to the Celestial Country. Edited from the Manuscripts of an Old Salt. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever, author of "The Whale and his Captors," "Island World of the Pacific," &c., &c. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street.

Except in a literary point of view, we have nothing to say against this curious performance. The Scripture texts of which it is chiefly composed, are, of course, good, and cannot be quoted or read too often, and the tenets put forth are indisputably sound and orthodox; but we would remind the author that allegory belongs, by royal right, to the masters of the pen, and that whoever attempts to tread in the steps [illegible] portion of Bunyan's genius.

Ravenscliffe. By the Author of "Time the Avenger," "Mordaunt Hall," "Angela," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

One of the best stories that Mrs. Marsh has written, distinguished by the usual characteristics of her pen, a high moral tone, and a plot of deep interest, wrought up at critical points in the narrative with an intensity of feeling approaching to morbidness. The heroine is beautiful and sweet and lovely, but of too yielding a character, and her sad fate, and the misery instead of happiness which she brings upon those who love her, and whom she loves, exemplifies the truth of the saying, "To be weak is to be miserable."

Remarks on Entomology, chiefly in reference to an Agricultural benefit. By Wm. D. Brinckle, M. D.

This pamphlet will interest all who are engaged in agriculture. Every farmer can appreciate the value of some acquaintance with the ways of those destructive insects that so often interfere with the success of his labors. Among the insectivorous animals that are often wantonly or ignorantly destroyed, we see that Dr. Brinckle mentions mice, moles, squirrels, the hedge-hog, &c.; snakes, lizards, frogs and toads; and among birds, the woodpecker, martin, swallow, night-hawk, whippoorwill, crow, blackbird, robin, wren, &c.

Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, for the Year 1851. By Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D., Physician to the Institution.

No one can read this pamphlet without being impressed with the belief that in this Institution every practical comfort is extended to the inmates. The particulars relating to the Farm and Garden, the Workshop and Mechanical Department, the Evening Entertainments and Instruction of Patients, the Ward Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, &c., &c., all give the idea of as much pleasure and benefit as are compatible with the unfortunate condition of the patients.

Sartain's Magazine.

The embellishments for the April number are "The Magic Lake, a Scene from the Pilgrim of Love," "Cromwell Before the Battle of Dunbar," a group of highly expressive faces, and some wood-cuts. The contributors are Henry B. Hirst, George S. Burleigh, Thomas Dunn English, M. D., Charles G. Leland, Sarah Anderton, Champion Bissell, E. Bogart, and others.

Marcus Warland, or, The Long Moss Spring. A Tale of the South. By Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Rena," "The Mob Cap," &c., &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This story is written in that glowing, romantic, poetical style with which Mrs. Hentz so well knows how to charm the fancy. It is a Southern tale, intended to give an impartial picture of slavery.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind. February, 1852.

There are few benevolent institutions that give more pleasure to visitors than this—few in which the wonderful and beautiful results of education are more clearly displayed.

The Head of the Family. A Novel. By the Author of "Olive," and "The Ogilvies." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

An interesting tale, written with a subdued tone of sentiment and pathos in which we recognize the author of "Olive."

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.

No. 20 of this fine, national work treats of the Battle of Brandywine, with views of Chad's Ford, Howe's Head-Quarters, map of the battle-ground, &c. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Littell's Living Age.—No. 408 leads off with an article from Household Words, on Irish Ballad Singers and Irish Street Ballads. No. 409, "The Doctrine of Non-Intervention," followed by Washington's Farewell Address.

The Medical Examiner, for March, contains the usual assortment of original communications, chemical reports, bibliographical notices, editorial, &c. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

☞ We have received from W. B. Zieber, No. 8 of Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes. Price 25 cts.

☞ Lord Campbell has laid down as a rule, that every plaintiff or defendant who is to be called as a witness, must be out of Court from the commencement of the case until he is put into the box, and that as soon as he has been examined he must again leave the Court.

BEGGARY.

The master vice of the age is Beggary. Every man is seeking to saddle his burden on some other man. The Patriot loves his Country, but loves the dear People all the more that fat offices are given or withheld at their option. He would scorn to beg money, yet he can easily stoop to begging support in Conventions and votes at the Polls. The aspiring youth looks anxiously round for some rich relative or benevolent friend of the family on whom he can quarter himself for the cost of an education. At the Seminary he forms a literary association of some kind to supply himself and partners with periodicals, and unblushingly, proceeds to beg them of the Editors and Publishers whose labor and property the coterie thus convert to their own use without rendering an equivalent. So nine-tenths of our young men, with many of their seniors, are constantly importuning influential friends or acquaintances to procure for them places where they can obtain more money for less or lighter work. And thus the world runs over with servility, flattery, fawning, whereof the radical impulse is Beggary. The wooden negro or blind stroller who cumbers the sidewalk with an unseemly carcase while he whines out his appeals for charity is but a type of the universal condition, or universal tendency: Everybody is trying to ride on everybody's shoulders. "Can't you get me a place in a store, on a steamboat, or railroad?" implores the man of forty good years, as if his existence depended on some other man wanting to borrow his brain and muscles, and being willing to pay him for their use in the hope of making a profit out of them. It seems to be the general notion that God has given most of us nothing to do in this world, but left us to perish in indolence and want unless some trafficker in human sinews should fancy that he has need of us.

How deplorably this operates on mental freedom and activity, need hardly be depicted. A. B. would naturally like to have an opinion of his own, but he must stop to consider whether he can or cannot afford it. His livelihood depends on his standing high in the good graces of this or that local dignitary, who has no patience with erratic and visionary notions; so A. B. swallows and keeps down his convictions, lest he should be left with nothing else to swallow. Hence the world is full of servility, truckling and fawning, which have their impulse in the fact that the majority prefer to live as satellites rather than step out, axe in hand, into the world's rough places, and there hew out each his own fortune.

Borrowing money, buying goods on long credit, begging endorsements, soliciting influence toward procuring an office, an engagement or a settlement—it is thus that half mankind are content to wriggle and crawl through life. Hence the man of money, with or without heart or brains, is inflated into enormous consequences, because everybody wants to use him. If we were willing to work on without him till the right time, the loan we ask of him might be regarded as a mutual favor; but while fifty are scrambling for it, he may dictate his own terms and still hold us the solely obliged party. To be in debt or some one's hireling is regarded by a majority as their natural and almost inevitable condition; to be under mortgage seems the natural state of the poor man's farm, if he has one.

We must gradually cure all this. Our lads must be taught to prefer laboring for an education to obtaining it at a charity school, or by running in some one's debt. Our young men must be imbued with a preference for forty acres of rugged wilderness and an axe wherewith to convert it slowly, steadily into a productive farm, to a clerkship, a custom-house place or any subordinate position which is only attained by interest and favor. Our laborers must learn to work cheerfully and faithfully on a farm, a railroad or wherever fair wages may be manfully earned, but with a resolution to be their own masters as soon as they can save the means of buying a snug little place, and, with this view, to postpone marriage until they have a home to take a wife to.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Americans and English at Rome.—A letter from a correspondent of "The New Bedford Mercury," says that the English and American artists at Rome have attempted a series of private theatricals. Among those at the first representation, were:—

The Princess Doria-Pamfili, born Talbot, a daughter of the great house of Shrewsbury, a handsome woman, blazing with diamonds, by her side the Prussian Ambassadress, with her sensible, manly-looking husband, and one or two others of the Princesses of Rome. But the lady to me far the most attractive, was a slight, many years out of her girlhood. It was soon whispered that the grand-daughter of Sheridan was honoring the representation of her great ancestor's comedy, and that this star of the evening was no other than Lady Dufferin, sister to Mrs. Norton, and perhaps better known as the authoress of "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." The character of Falkland was played by a son of Mrs. Hemans, and among the audience were to be seen, also, the son of a great American Jurist, (W. W. Story,) himself only prevented by his father's fame from being far and widely known for his own multifarious abilities; and one of the first of our transatlantic poets, (J. R. Lowell.) So that, altogether, we had quite as much of Anglo-Saxon beauty and talent, as any one assemblage on the Continent would be likely to exhibit.

Lock Jaw.—We have noticed in the papers lately, notices of several deaths by this disease, one of them in this neighborhood. We have published several times a certain preventive and remedy, in the application of beef's gall to the wound. Will not our editorial brethren circulate the information, and thereby save many valuable lives? Besides its anti-spasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron, or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed to do so.—*Lancaster Gazette.*

Clippings.

THE TENDENCY OF AFFLICTION.

Yes, it is well; did storms ne'er rise
Our sky would be too bright and fair;
'T would be too hard to rend those ties
Which now are half worn out by care;
For every trial God has given,
But draws us nearer still to Heaven.

☞ The New York Herald describes Wykoff, who attempted to abduct Miss Gamble, as "talented, polite, gentlemanly, unprincipled, unscrupulous, selfish, mean, diplomatic, sneaking, polished, cowardly, lying, imaginative, amusing, witty, scandalous, and full of talk of every kind."

☞ An Unlucky Word.—The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

☞ One of the bitterest things ever said, was said by Barante of Mad. de Genlis, namely, that there was nothing natural about her, except her children.

It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

☞ The American revolver pistol is about to be introduced into the Austrian cavalry.

☞ Thackeray pronounces Hawthorne one of the giant minds of the age, while Douglas Jerrold is of opinion that the "House of the Seven Gables" is enough to immortalize the author, if he never puts pen to paper again.

☞ The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil, says that South Carolina abounds in lime and iron ore, and North Carolina in fuel to smelt the ore, and in the labor that would if so applied, enable them to export instead of importing iron.

☞ A Newfoundland dog came to his death in a strange manner in Morrisania a few nights since. He wore a brass collar on his neck, and in attempting to jump over a picket fence, the collar caught on one of the pickets, and in that position he was found in the morning, suspended by the neck, cold and stiff.

☞ Austrian Liberty.—The Vienna Gazette contains the sentence of Maria Vichweger, a segar roller, to four months imprisonment in irons, and twenty stripes with rods, for inciting her fellow-laborers to strike for wages.

☞ A great thought is better than a good fortune; and the blessing of it is perpetual.—The presence of it in the soul is like converse with an angel. He who has one such guest to dwell with him, will not go abroad for society.

☞ The Aurora Borealis was recently seen in the day time, forenoon, at Portsmouth. The Aurora by day has often been described in scientific works, but though of frequent occurrence, it is rarely noticed. Its usual appearance being faint and indistinct, it passes for a light cirrous cloud.

☞ It was proposed recently in one of the papers, to sentence a convicted murderer to a trip on the New York and Erie Railroad, in order to give him at least one chance in a hundred for his life.

☞ Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication. The first get drunk on glory, the last on gin; and both incur debts when "shot in the neck" that it staggers them to pay when sober.

☞ A Down East editor attributes the recent cold Winter to the oversight of the Arctic explorers. "Depend upon it, they have disturbed the usual arrangements of the Ice King, and broken into his domestic circle, then on coming away, as somebody has justly observed, have left the door open after them. Hence those keen and piercing blasts, of which we have had quite a superfluity during the past season."

"Wound not the heart
Whose love thou art."

The above was the motto on a ring of Mary's, Queen of Scotts.

☞ A writer in the New York Tribune takes Rev. Mr. Beecher to task, for having, in a recent lecture, said of a certain class of persons, that "moustaches and whiskers had tucked out their brains," and wishes to know "how far moustache and whiskers had unbrained Kossuth, whom Mr. Beecher, in the same lecture, characterized as the man 'born in Hungary, but accepted of all the earth?'"

☞ A few evenings ago, a little boy sat looking in silence at the stars, as they came forth with the shade of night. At length he spoke to his father, who sat near him, and asked,—"Pa, are not the stars the angels' eyes?" This question from a child of four years old, embodies a sublimity of poetic thought, which few gray heads could conceive.

☞ The original Jim Crow, a negro, upon whose eccentricities T. D. Rice built his fame and fortune, is yet living in Louisville.

☞ That was a true and noble statement made by Kossuth to the clergy recently: "I have learned that republics may cease to be Christian, but Christianity can never cease to be republican."

☞ The New York Musical Times gives some curious statistics of negro minstrelsy in that city. In 1842, the profits of one company for six months were but $294, while in 1848 they were $16,167.

☞ I have seen persons who gathered for the parlor their choicest flowers, just as they begin to open into full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into Heaven young and innocent children for the same reason—lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

☞ No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—*Lord Clarendon.*

☞ It is not unworthy of remark that the late advices from the Pacific bring no confirmation of the report, brought by a previous arrival, of a rebellion in the Territory of Utah.

☞ A gentleman in Galena, Illinois, not much over fifty years old, says he well remembers the time when salt and iron, used in the valley of the Ohio, *were brought over the Allegheny mountains on horseback!* Two hundred pounds was considered a load for a horse. One man riding before would lead a dozen horses. It took about six weeks to make the trip.

☞ A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.—*Pope.*

☞ It is stated that Kossuth has rented a large warehouse, nine miles from Cincinnati, to furnish employment for Hungarian refugees, in the manufacture of saddles and accoutrements.

☞ In a long and highly-complimentary critique upon Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* says—"In our opinion, Longfellow at this moment stands, beyond comparison, at the head of the poets of America; and may be considered as an equal competitor for the palm with any one of the younger poets of Great Britain." We do not agree with him.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

England.—The Anti-Corn Law League had been renewed. Large meetings for the purpose of resuscitating the body had been held at Manchester and Leeds, and at the former city subscriptions to the amount of nearly £40,000 had been raised.

The re-election of the new Ministers, whose seats had become vacant in the House of Commons, was going forward. The subject of "protection" is kept in the back-ground at present.

Ireland.—Dr. McHale has raised a standard against the established Church of Ireland, and from the Northern Districts alarming accounts of Ribbonism have been received.

France.—France was quiet at the latest accounts. The Government arrangements with the Bank of France, were satisfactory to the commercial classes.

The fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family was again being agitated, and with [illegible]

The Swiss staff officers in Paris have been ordered to return to Switzerland forthwith.

The difficulties between France and Switzerland have been arranged for the present.

The French Ambassador had suddenly left London for Paris.

A steam-frigate recently sailed from Toulon for Algeria, with three hundred political exiles.

The elections in the French Departments, known at Paris up to Friday night, were 230, of which only 5 were of the opposition, including General Cavaignac. M. Lamartine, although he declined to stand, received 711 votes, against 1,808 recorded for the Government candidate.

The Senate and Legislative Corps have been convoked for the 29th of March.

The opinion is gaining ground in Paris, that peace will be maintained.

The charter of the Bank of France having only four years to run, has been extended to fifteen. The Bank has reduced its discount from four to three per cent., and will lend money.

Liverpool, March 10.—The cotton market is quiet at steady rates.

Breadstuffs move off slowly; sales of wheat at 2d. lower. Flour has declined 6d. to 1s. Corn is steady.

Provisions.—Prices remain unchanged since the sailing of the Niagara. Bacon is in ready sale at full prices. Beef is scarce and in active demand. Lard is dull and the stock on hand is limited. Tallow is steady.

Proposal to Lease the Public Works of Pennsylvania.—The principal transporters between Philadelphia and Pittsburg have presented a memorial to the Legislature, saying:—"The undersigned citizens of Philadelphia, submit the following proposition to lease the finished lines of Canals and Railroads of the State, for a term of ten years, from the first day of August next, and keep the same in good repair as when received, and pay for the first year $800,000; for the second, $840,000; for the third year, $900,000, and for each succeeding year one million of dollars—the payments to be made monthly, and secured by the deposit of $100,000 in State Bonds. They further propose to extend, in addition to the above payments, $300,000 toward the improvement of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad during the term of their lease, and also to double the capacity of the locks on the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal; and, on the completion of the road to avoid the Inclined Plane on the Allegheny Portage Railroad, to pay eight per cent. per annum, on the money hereafter appropriated and expended toward the construction thereof.

"They also further propose to pay seven per cent. per annum on $1,500,000, on the completion of the North Branch Canal, and its connection with the Chemung Canal in the State of New York—and they pray the Legislature to enact a law authorizing a contract to be made with the undersigned, or their associates, in accordance with the terms of this proposition."

The memorial is signed by E. G. Dutihl, Henry Graff, John Bingham, Jacob Dock, J. K. Morehead, Israel Painter, George W. Harris, William Findley Leech, Thomas S. Clarke, Jeremiah Butler, S. B. Moorhead, William B. Foster.

Quick Route to California.—A company of Americans are preparing to organize the "Mexican and Mail Inland Company," which purposes to reach San Francisco by way of Vera Cruz, Mexico, to Coazacalco, and thence down to the Pacific, there to meet steamers to San Francisco. This route is some two thousand miles shorter than the Panama, a thousand shorter than the Nicaragua, and five hundred shorter than the Tehuantepec route. The company expect to be able to make the trip in sixteen days. This will be a gain of ten days upon either the Nicaragua or Panama routes.

A Noted Thief Gone.—Reuben Edmondson, better known as "Jack Bowers," the most noted thief in the Mississippi valley, died in St. Louis on the 8th inst. He was sixty-three years of age, and stated in a confession, which he made just before his death, that he had been arrested one hundred and fifteen times, and incarcerated in various prisons sixty-one times. By his death, he has done the state more service than he probably ever did in his life.

Heavy Damages.—A Mr. Charles Black has obtained a verdict of $10,000 against the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad Company, for injuries to his little son, occasioned by an accident on their road, which happened near Greenville, Louisiana, and was the result of carelessness on the part of the Company's agent.

The Clay Medal.—This medal (value $2,500), on its passage to New York, for some retouching, in the carpet-bag of Mr. Butler, was abstracted from a hack. Mr. Butler offered to replace it by one made exactly like it, but this the Committee of presentation refused. The Committee then ordered a duplicate.

Presbyterian Colony in Oregon.—L. A. Hamed writes to the Indianapolis State Journal that already some one hundred persons have joined the organization for establishing a Presbyterian colony in Oregon, and are preparing for the journey.

An Enormous Company.—The Legislature of Maryland, both Houses, have passed a bill uniting seven coal and iron Companies, in Cumberland, Md., into one corporation, with a capital of five millions of dollars.

Caravajal Captured.—Caravajal, the leader of the recent revolutionary movement, has been captured by General Harney, and brought as a prisoner to Brownsville.

Spirituous and Malt Liquors Produced in the United States.—The following table, compiled from the census returns, shows the production in each State and Territory of malt and spirituous liquors during the year 1850. There are no returns from New Hampshire, Delaware, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Arkansas, California, Minnesota and Oregon. The table shows that in Maine there is but $17,000 capital invested in these productions.

State.	Capital invested.	Hands employed.	Barrels of ale, &c.	Gals of whiskey and high wines	Gals. of rum &c.
Maine	$17,000	5	—	—	220,000
Vermont	7,000	7	800	—	—
Mass'setts	427,500	131	25,800	129,000	3,790,000
R. Island	17,000	9	3,900	—	—
Conn'cut	15,500	20	—	130,000	1,200
New York	2,990,900	1,390	641,700	8,224,700	2,499,940
N. Jersey	409,655	197	31,750	1,250,330	—
Pennsylva	1,719,909	911	189,081	6,346,340	1,500
Maryland	217,100	196	26,280	797,400	—
Virginia	100,915	123	5,500	979,440	—
N. Carolina	21,930	72	—	153,900	—
S. Carolina	3,475	53	—	43,900	—
Georgia	7,150	15	—	60,450	—
Alabama	500	2	—	—	3,000
Louisiana	8,600	8	3,000	—	—
Kentucky	169,895	274	10,500	1,491,745	—
Tennessee	65,125	159	—	857,000	—
Missouri	285,000	179	44,850	839,400	—
Ohio	1,292,974	1,033	66,943	11,865,150	—
Indiana	334,950	287	11,005	4,639,900	—
Illinois	303,400	274	27,082	6,115,000	—
Michigan,	139,425	98	10,300	200,900	—
Iowa	10,500	19	—	160,000	—
Wisconsin	88,700	68	31,320	187,000	—
N. Mexico	7,300	21	—	41,000	—
Utah	2,000	3	200	—	—
Dist. Col.	12,000	5	1,350	—	—
Total	$8,334,254	5,487	1,177,924	42,133,955	6,500,500

The Discovery of Ether.—The Committee of the House of Representatives having that subject in charge, have decided upon awarding $100,000 to Dr. Morton for his discovery; thus, after the closest investigation, settling his right to that discovery. Dr. Morton has caused his competitor, Dr. Jackson, to be arrested for libel, growing out of the controversy between them.

☞ Two or three of the accidents which have lately occurred on the Erie Railroad, were occasioned, the Tribune says, by the breaking of rails, and that such rails were of American iron. The company, in consequence of these accidents, have resolved to take up all the American iron, and replace it with a stronger article. There is about ten miles of it.

Wise Policy.—A party of twenty Hungarians have reached Cincinnati, en route for Missouri, to purchase a tract of land to settle upon and cultivate. The party is in charge of Captain Gratzey, and they have sufficient means to purchase 10,000 acres of land, and the necessary agricultural implements for cultivation, and to stock the same.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, March 20, 1852.

REMARKS—There has been a fair amount of business doing during the past week, but on Wednesday out-of-door operations were materially retarded in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, which suspended wharf operations. Cotton has been in moderate request at full rates. In Breadstuffs there has been but a limited business done, and prices of Flour and Meal have slightly declined. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in good demand at full rates. Supplies of Provisions continue to come forward slowly, and with a reduced stock, prices of all descriptions tend upward. The Dry Goods trade is quite active, and the increased facilities for transportation West and South, have brought to this city a large number of merchants who have heretofore purchased their supplies in neighboring markets. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the State Canal afford extraordinary facilities, and merchandize to an immense amount, all bought this Spring, is already on its way to the South and West. The Daniel Webster and the El Dorado brought about $2,000,000 of gold. This arrival will be increased by the arrival of the Brother Jonathan, and the effect upon the money market cannot but be salutary. The drain outward is comparatively trifling. Exchange on England lower; we quote at 109½a110.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been very quiet during the past week; the export demand has been limited, and only 2a3,000 bbls, mostly straight brands, were disposed of early in the week at $4,25 per bbl, and 1,000 bbls sold yesterday and to-day at $4,12½, at which it is freely offered. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue scarce; small sales of the former at $3,50, and 500 bbls of the latter at $3,12½ per bbl. No sales of Brandywine Meal reported.

The following are the Inspections of Flour and Corn Meal for the week ending the 18th inst:

Flour	bbls	17,557
Rye Flour	bbls	267
Corn Meal	bbls	1,518

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and with limited supplies, prices have slightly improved. Sales of 12a14,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern at 90a92c, and white at $1a1,03 per bushel. The market is bare of Rye and it is wanted at 72 cts. Corn has been in good demand, and prices are rather higher. Sales of 22,000 bushels yellow at 60a61 cts early in the week, and since at 61a61½c, including some white at 60c. Oats are in rather better demand; 3a4,000 bushels sold at 38c per bushel for Southern, and 39c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is small; holders demand an advance. We quote Mess at $17,50a17,75, Prime at $16. City Packed Mess Beef is held at $15 per bbl. Bacon is held firmly; sales of Hams at [illegible] Shoulders at 8½c. Sales of Pickled [illegible] at [illegible]. Sides in salt to arrive 8½c, and Shoulders at 7½ cts per lb. Lard has advanced; sales of bbls at 9½c, and kegs at 10½c per lb. Butter is scarce, and sells at 13a19c.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing both among the jobbing and commission houses, but prices have undergone no material change.

BARK—The market continues bare of Quercitron, and it is wanted. Sales of No 1 at $26,25 per ton, which is an advance.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 25a26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand is limited; small sales of Sperm at 32a33c; Tallow 9a10c, and Adamantine at 19a24c per lb.

COAL—There is a good demand for shipment, and supplies are coming forward freely at our last quotations. Vessels are scarce at Richmond, and meet with quick despatch to the Eastward at remunerative rates.

COFFEE—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are firm. Sales of 2,000 bags Rio and Laguayra at 9½a10c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is held firmly at our last quotations, with limited sales.

COTTON—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 700 bales at 8½a9½c per lb for Upland, and 9½a10 for Mobile and N. Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a moderate business doing without change in prices.

FEATHERS—Are steady. Sales of good prime Western at 39a40c per lb.

FISH—There has been an increased demand for Mackerel, and prices are firm. Sales of No 1 from store at $10, No 2 at $9, and large No 3 at $6,50 per bbl. Sales from the landing have been made at 50 cts per bbl below these quotations. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—A cargo of Sicily Oranges and Lemons has been partly disposed of from the wharf on terms kept private. Small sales of Raisins at $1,70 per box. Dried Apples sell at 5½a6½c per lb, and Peaches at $2a2,75 per bushel.

GINSENG—Continues scarce; small sales of Crude at 37½c per lb, cash.

HEMP—The market is quiet. A small lot of Dew Rot sold at $110 per lb, on time.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS—Are in limited request. Small sales of first sort at 31a32c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no sales have been reported.

IRON—The market continues excessively dull and inactive. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $21, No 2 at $20 per ton, 6 mos, and 100 tons Scotch Pig on private terms. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—The stock of Galena is small, and prices firm. No sales.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for all descriptions at full rates.

LUMBER—There is no change to notice in the market, and the sales continue limited.

MOLASSES—There has been a fair demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 1,000 hhds Cardenas and Trinidad at 18a20c; Porto Rico at 27a28, and 500 bbls New Orleans at 29a31c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—A small sale of Common Rosin at $1,35 per bbl. Prices of Tar and Pitch are steady. Spirits of Turpentine has declined to 39a41c per gallon.

OILS—There is a good demand for all kinds of Fish Oils at steady prices. Lard Oil is held firmly. Linseed Oil is in steady demand at 62a63c per gallon.

PLASTER—No arrivals or sales reported.

RICE—The demand is moderate and prices steady. Sales of 150 casks at 3½a3½c per lb, on time.

SALT—An import of Liverpool Fine sold at $1,35, on time; 8,000 sacks Ground, and a cargo of Bonaire on terms kept private.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has been limited. Sales of 1,400 bushels fair and prime quality early in the week at $5,25a5,50 per 64 lbs, and since at $5, closing dull at this figure. Prices of Timothy and Flaxseed are unchanged.

SPICES—The market has been quiet, and the sales unimportant.

SPIRITS—Three cargoes of Brandy are landing, from which small sales of Bordeaux have been made at $1,65a1,75; Rochelle $1,30a1,30, and Old Cognac at $2a3. Prices of Gin are steady. N. E. Rum sells at 27c. Whiskey is held firmly. Sales of bbls at 22, and hhds at 21½c.

SUGAR—There has been a good demand, and prices are steady. Sales of 1,100 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4½a6c per lb, on time, and 2,000 bags White Brazil on private terms.

TALLOW—Small sales of country and city Rendered at 7½a7¾c per lb.

TEAS—There is an increased demand for the supply of the country trade at full rates.

TOBACCO—The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are limited at former rates.

WINES—Prices are steady, but the sales are unimportant.

WOOL—The market is dull, and prices are lower. The week's sales comprise only 60,000 lbs, within the range of 33a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm at 2s 9d per bbl for Flour, and 9d per bushel for Grain. Colliers are in demand at $2 per ton to Boston, $1,50 to Rhode Island, and $1,25 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 22.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $8,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $13 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3,50 to 5, the latter from $2,00 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 15th, Mr. Rhett presented the petition of the leading merchants of Charleston, S. C., praying that additional aid may be granted to the Collins line of steamers.

Mr. Brodhead presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, relative to the removal of the Mint, and asking the establishment of a Dry Dock and Navy Yard on the Lakes, and in favor of intercession by the Government in behalf of Smith O'Brien. Also, numerous petitions asking for the modification of the tariff, and against the extension of Woodworth's patent. Numerous other petitions were also presented, and a number of reports submitted.

The private bills ordered to be engrossed on Friday, were read a third time and passed.

Mr. Underwood presented the petition of citizens of Carson's Valley, asking a separate government for themselves, distinct from that of Utah, and complaining that California and Utah are alike difficult of access by them, and powerless to afford protection, in consequence of vast tribes of Indians and perpetual snows. The petitioners urge that it would be of great advantage to them if they had a government of their own.

On motion of Mr. Shields, the Senate took up the joint resolution for the extension of the Capitol, which had been returned from the House with an amendment increasing the appropriation to half a million of dollars.

Mr. Borland said he knew that, in opposing this resolution, he would occupy an ungracious position before the Senate, as well as the galleries, thronged by those interested in the matter. He sympathised with these laborers, but his duty prevented him adopting any course which would make this government an eleemosynary institution. He had been informed, by the chairman of the Select Committee of the House, that the work already done was not what it should be; and that, if time had been allowed by the House, he could have proven it. He (Mr. Borland) on one occasion, standing by the work, with the toe of his boot had kicked out the mortar. He had been informed, also, that the stone used was from a quarry which had been rejected by the Washington Monument Association for the foundation of that monument, and that the stone had not the strength necessary for the work it was intended for. He looked upon the vast increase of the public expenditures, as fast rushing on [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

California.—The fugitive slave law which has passed the California Assembly provides that slaves brought into the State prior to the adoption of the State Constitution shall be liable to the provisions of the Congressional fugitive slave law.

In the California Assembly, Feb. 10, Mr. Peachy presented a memorial from a number of farmers or planters of South Carolina and Florida, asking the privilege to bring their families and colored domestics into this State, and that they may be protected in their property. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

A bill has also been introduced into the Legislature to call a Convention to revise the Constitution, the object being, it is said, to divide the State and set apart the Southern portion for a slave State.

Clay for Fillmore.—Mr. Clay has written a letter declaring that Mr. Fillmore is his choice for the next Presidency. Mr. Clay thinks Mr. Webster, or Gen. Scott, "might possibly" administer the Government as well as Mr. Fillmore, "but then," he adds, "neither of them has been tried."

Ohio.—The Supreme Court, to-day, decided unanimously that County subscriptions for railroad purposes are perfectly Constitutional.

The Four K's.—The editor of the Globe says he thought that he was up to all the K's—the K. K. and the O. K.—but he was puzzled not long since, and some of his readers may be until they get the key, by K. K. K. K., which are used as cabalistic signs for *Kossuth, Kinkel, Kuba,* and *Kanada.* Of all these K's, some take only a part, but some who have more capacious organs of deglutition, go the whole. Some repudiate Kinkel, taking Kossuth, and *vice versa*; and some repudiate Canada, but take Cuba, and *vice versa.*

Georgia.—The Union men of Dade, Cass and Bibb Counties, Georgia, have passed resolutions against sending delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

Louisiana.—The Legislature of this State have passed the Exemption bill of $1,250.

Scott and the Irish.—Gen. Scott says, in a letter declining an invitation to a celebration on St. Patrick's Day:—"You do me but justice in supposing that I take a lively interest in Ireland and her sons. Perhaps no man—certainly no American—owes so much to the valor and blood of Irishmen as myself; many of them marched and fought under my command in the war of 1812–'15, and many more—thousands—in the recent war with Mexico—not one of whom was ever known to turn his back upon an enemy or a friend."

Pennsylvania—A motion to postpone the Maine Law was recently carried in the House, by 46 ayes to 38 nays.

The bill repealing the 6th section of the Act of 1847, forbidding the use of the jails of the Commonwealth for the detention of fugitive slaves, after a lengthy discussion and the rejection of sundry amendments passed the Senate—yeas 21, nays 12. The bill is the same as that passed at the last session, and which was returned by Governor Johnston to the Legisla- [illegible]

A Heavy Day's Work.—One million and a quarter of gold, from California, was melted, on Thursday of last week, between the hours of 7 and 3 o'clock, in the melting department of the Mint, in this city. This is the largest amount ever melted in one day since the establishment of the Mint.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 191—Adults 86, and children 105.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. E. Lewis, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. P. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. [illegible] South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Perrin Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. R. Goodwin, Wm. J. Conry, Isaac M. Beebe, and Walter D. Thompson.*

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A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors [illegible] hold themselves responsible only for [illegible] directly by themselves, or [illegible] travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

March, 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
27 Saturday,	5 50	6 10	7 11	
28 Sunday,	5 49	6 11	8 3	
29 Monday,	5 48	6 12	9 0	
30 Tuesday,	5 46	6 14	9 56	D. H. M.
31 Wedn'day,	5 45	6 15	10 53	Full 6 12 10
1 Thursday,	5 44	6 16	11 49	Last 12 3 9
2 Friday,	5 42	6 18	12 44	New 20 1 23
3 Saturday,	5 41	6 19	1 31	First 28 1 50

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 14	54	55	53
15	45	50	64
16	45	54	60
17	42	33	33
18	40	44	45
19	39	35	35
20	33	32	32

Marriages.

On the 14th inst. in the village of West Creek, by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. Isaac B. Smith, of Mannahawkin, Ocean county, N. J. to Miss Mary H. Mulliner, of Tuckerton, Burlington county, N. J.

At Gloucester City, N. Jersey, Jan. 19th, by the Rev. Joseph Ashbrook, Mr. Levi F. Sharp, to Miss Hannah L. Horner.

At the same place, by the same, Feb. 25th, Mr. Jas. L. North, to Miss Susanna Peters.

At the same place, by the same, March 18th, Mr. William A. Berry, to Miss Rebecca A. Crainer.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Clay, Thomas H. Lea, of Isle of Jersey, Esq. to Mary A. Sweet, of Southwark.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Brainard, D. D. Mr. Daniel Bishop, to Miss F. A. Craycroft, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, Allston Wilson, Esq. to Miss Almata Sleencken, daughter of John D. Sleencken, Esq. Bremen.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. William L. Colton, of N. Y. to Miss Mary Bristol, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor Tucker, of Trenton, N. J., Timothy Ely, to Hannah A. Terry, all of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D. [illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines)			one insertion,	$2.00
"	"	"	three months,	$15.00
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Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Remarks upon the Memorial of the Brewers, Malsters and Owners of Breweries, to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.—These Memorialists seem to think, that the antiquity of an evil is a warrant for its continuance. They say, that malt liquor has been an article of commerce for more than five hundred years. This may be admitted to be true. But it cannot be denied that, for more than five hundred years, there have been, as a consequence beer besotted inebriates, and there is no greater reason for enduring the calamity longer, than there was in 1776, for submitting to the tyranny of a foreign despot; for that, too, was of an ancient standing.

Some of them have been brought up to the business of brewing malt liquors, and they infer, that, therefore, they have a right to continue its manufacture. This reason would justify the beggar, the gambler, and the thief in their unlawful pursuits. Gambling was a business as begging is still a business, and gamblers, beggars, and thieves brought up their children to gaming, begging, and stealing. Gambling that was once lawful, is now a penitentiary offence, and the beggar is sent to the prison for vagrancy.

They allege that malt liquor is wholesome and nutritious. It is made with some ingredients that are so, but they are entirely spoiled in the process. Is it denied in the face of experience, that gout, apoplexy, insanity, and delirium tremens result from its indulgence?—There is no objection to the use of that part of it which is wholesome and nutritious, if it can be used without taking in the poisons it contains, alcohol, cocculus indicus, and other elements injurious to the human system. If the wholesome portion could be separated from the noxious, no harm would be done by its use, but the poison is the temptation, and the wholesome ingredients are employed solely to produce the poison, for if it were otherwise, they could be used in another form, to much greater advantage, without any of the bad consequences. It is strange to what extent the love of gain will produce infatuation, that such men can behold, even in the circle of their own friends and families, the frequent victims to the vice of intemperance, and yet allege that the drink which produces this result, is wholesome and nutritious.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

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GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 6

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MANUFACTURERS OF
LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES, &c.
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Manufactory No. 181 Cherry St.,
mar27-1y PHILADELPHIA.

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GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1852. VOL. XL. No. 4.

ARTICLES AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The Forest Fountain, Ignatius L. Donnelly.
Love, A. J. Requier.
Memory, Lydia L. A. Very.
The Last Song, from the German.
Optical Phenomena, Thomas Milner, M. A.
April, Mrs. E. L. Cushing.
Away, B. B.
Song, M.
The First Age, H. Didimus.
[illegible]

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A New and Revised Edition of our
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
for 1852, enlarged and improved, corrected by the last census, with full descriptions and illustrations of the GOLD REGIONS, &c., &c.; 700 pages, large octavo.
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF CHINA AND [illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say:
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and that when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun,
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in happy days gone by—
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
Oh, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)—
I dreamed I stood with *her* and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Pictures of Life.

THE YANKEES.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

[Our readers will be amused with the following extracts from a Lecture recently delivered before the "Lymington (*England*) Literary Institute," by Captain Mackinnon, of the British Navy. Captain Mackinnon, being a practical man himself, and knowing what is what, evidently considers his American cousins "some punkins"]—]

He thought there was something very original in the American mind, and that, as far as invention went, they were the first in the world. This was to be attributed to various causes, and they were more inventive than the English for the following reasons: If a man invented anything in this country, he was looked upon as a projector, and his efforts did not meet with encouragement; but there, if he invented anything, ever so little, he was considered a great man, taken in hand by influential people, and made a fortune. He knew several who had amassed large sums, from £1,000 to £20,000. He should like to see an Englishman do that—he would be laughed at if he expected it (applause.) The first invention he should speak of, was one which he had seen soon after he landed, and which amused him very much. He saw a large ship, which was coming to Europe with wheat, and alongside of her was a curious thing like a mud machine, and several barges full of grain. He was very much astonished, and went on board to examine the machine, which he found to be a grain elevator, which was intended to pump the grain from the barges into the big ship. He at first laughed at it, and thought it a Yankee invention and a fib, but when he got on board he found that it pumped the grain in at such an awful pace, that it almost drowned him before he got up the hatchway, (laughter and applause.) He found it delivered two thousand bushels per hour—"Suppose," said the speaker, pointing to the ceiling, "there was a great hole up there. It would send the grain at such an awful pace that we shouldn't all get out. We should be drowned—quite half of us," (great laughter.) The next thing that struck him as an ingenious matter was at Cincinnati, where the hogs killed in the Western States last year for exportation, were 953,060. There was a man here who had discovered a method of making gas out of hog's lard, (great laughter.) It seemed a funny thing, but it was a fact. The Mayor of Milwaukie city, in Wisconsin, who was a great friend of his, actually told him that he was making a bargain with the man to light the town with gas out of hog's lard. He certainly did not live there long enough to see it himself, but he was told it was true, and he believed it, (cheers.)—Another invention was a zinc paint, which he described as being most beautiful, and worth a trial by all present. Another very ingenious thing he had witnessed at the Patent Office at Washington. It was pointed out to him by a gentleman, but he could not describe it. It had a large handle to it, and he asked him what it was, when he said it was a sewing machine, (great laughter,) which could make seventeen pairs of pantaloons a day, but it was then out of order, and would not work, and he did not see it himself; and he could not, therefore, vouch for its accuracy, but he believed it to be true. Another invention was told him by a man who had a large dairy, containing upwards of 100 cows, and finding it very expensive to get them milked, he set his wits to work, and, by Jove! he invented a milking machine, consisting of Indian rubber, gutta percha and springs, and he milked them all as dry as possible, (much laughter.) The captain amused his audience by relating the effects of the milking-machine upon the cows, and declared that the Down East Yankees were the most inventive people possible, and were monstrously clever fellows. They had a story there which was too good to be lost, and it was an astonishing matter. The Yankee babies, when not eating or sleeping, were still doing something, and this was what they were thinking about—the Yankees asserted that the baby was rolling its eyes round and round, and thinking how to improve its cradle, (uncontrollable laughter.) He thought that was sufficient of Yankee ingenuity for the present, but he would give them more specimens by-and-bye, (cheers.)

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The ladies wore the most extravagant dresses in the world, and the cost of their silk dresses was immense. We couldn't stand it here; we do not make money fast enough. Their entertainments, too, were most magnificent, and nothing either in England or France could be compared to it. He was at an entertainment in New York, and the supper itself cost £600, and on making inquiry, he found that one dish alone cost $42—about £8 10s. The dish consisted of English pheasants. Their dresses were so expensive that there was a silk manufactory near Lyons where they made silks expressly for America—they were too expensive for any one else.

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He had become pretty well known in America wherever he went, and the people used to call him "captain." Frequently he went out shooting, and wherever he went, and met any farmer, he was sure to ask him to his house, for he knew who he was. He would try to give them a conversation he had with a tall Yankee in the Western States. It was about last October he went out with a gun on his shoulder, and an old pointer by his side, to shoot grouse, and he marched along for some time with indifferent sport, until he observed, about a quarter of a mile a-head of him, a tall, spare Yankee standing looking at him. Now, they might have been induced to say, "What, can that fellow want to rob me?" But he knew they were so civil and kind, and did not care, but walked right up to him, when he said, "How do, captain?" He replied, "Oh, how do? how are you?" He then said he had a duty to perform towards him, and that duty was to ask him to drink with him, for he was not starched up like other Britishers, and did not look down upon them, and think himself so much better than them. He invited him to his house, and they repaired there together, and had a glass of grog, which he enjoyed very much. "Well, captain," said he, "I have a proposal to make;" and he then told him he had a very great interest in the fighting at the Cape of Good Hope, and that he had written to a brother of his to bring out an English infantry musket. Well, he looked into the corner, and he brought it out, and said, "Did you ever see such a 'tarnal varmint as that in all your life? There is a pretty thing to shoot soldiers with." He then directed his attention to a stump, one hundred and fifty yards from his house, and said, "You see that 'air stump, seven feet high, and broader than any —. You might fire at it all day, and not hit it half-a-dozen times." [illegible] he was right, for whereas the musket would not hit it once in twelve times, his own rifle, a seven-barrelled revolver, hit it every time. He then said he had a proposal to make to the British Government. He (Captain Mackinnon) replied, "Oh, it is no use for me to take it, for I should be absolutely laughed at; but I will tell you what—I'll tell them of it at the Lymington Literary Institution, where I sometimes deliver lectures, (cheers)." He said it was quite as well, and would make a regular shindy in America. This was his proposal. He said he could get 5,000 men, like himself, each armed with a rifle similar to his own; and if the English would send some of their ships with them to the Cape of Good Hope, they would clear out the Caffres for £1,000,000: and that this would be cheap, for the war had already cost £2,000,000. He said the English soldiers were as good as any in the world, but they did not possess such weapons as the Americans, and therefore could not stand against them. If these 5,000 men, then, landed at the Cape of Good Hope, they would soon make mince-meat of the Caffres (laughter.) Before he bade him good-bye, he offered him a chaw of tobacco, which he, of course, respectfully declined (continued laughter). Now here was positive proof that another nation, with whom we were now, fortunately, on friendly terms, and which he hoped would continue, possessed much better weapons than we do, and he did not think sufficient stress was laid on the improvements in our arms. He hoped they would reflect on what this Yankee had told him. If one man, armed with this rifle, was equal to six persons, it became a matter for serious consideration.

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PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—He went to bed comfortably, (in Utica,) and went to sleep, but the next morning he found there was some bustle about the place, although he had heard no noise during the night. On inquiring the reason, a gentleman whom he met on the staircase, said, "Oh, don't you know?" He said he did not, and the gentleman told him that the President of the United States was in the house. He expressed his surprise, and said that he should like to see him, (laughter.) "Oh," said he, "if that is all, I will introduce you by-and-bye." He (Capt. Mackinnon) told his wife of it, and asked her if she should like to be presented; and after breakfast he went down, and was introduced to the Mayor, Col. Hinman, who was kind enough to say that he would introduce him; and, as the Mayor, he was the best person to do so. He had on an old shooting jacket, and expressed his unwillingness to be introduced in such a dress, for he had been accustomed to dress himself up smart when he had anything to do, especially on delivering a lecture. (Laughter.) The Mayor told him that it was a free country, and he was not to mind about that, and having obtained some advice on the subject, he went with Col. Hinman into a small room, and there saw about a dozen grave citizens—American gentlemen, but for the life of him he could not find out which was the President. In a few minutes, some one said, "Those who have been presented to the President will please to march out, and leave room for others who have not." They had two sentinels at the door, who evidently did more to induce the people to go in than to keep them out, and after a little bit, Col. Hinman was kind enough to introduce him to the President, a fine, tall, elegant looking, kind-hearted, amiable man, and he had the honor of shaking hands with him. He said, "Well, captain, I am sorry I could not receive you at Washington," owing to a recent death in the family. He thought to himself, "Hang it all, I'll make a speech to the President," (cheers); and it was a slight precious more difficult to speak to an audience such as that than to a great man. He felt a very great respect for this venerable man; but he could not have that respect for any person who was proud of birth or rank, because he thought that antiquated ideas of blood and birth could not co-exist with generous sentiment, (hear, hear, and cheers.) "Well," he said, "Mr. President, ahem, (laughter) Mr. President, I think I can say what very few people in the United States can say—that in the course of a very few weeks I have had the honor of being introduced to the Presidents of two of the greatest countries in the world—to yourself, sir, and Louis Napoleon, the President of France," (cheers.) He then made a low bow, and was about to retire, but he was invited to stop, and for two hours saw a continued stream of American citizens, quiet, grave, and dignified, passing through the room, and shaking hands with the President; and this without the slightest confusion. They might suppose he felt a little proud of having been presented to so great a man, particularly as he was in a shooting jacket, (applause.) He determined at first to lay the shooting jacket by in lavender, and keep it for the rest of his life, because many a man preserved a pair of boots which he had worn on being presented to a great personage, (applause.) But on thinking the matter over, he was of opinion that as the coat was getting old and ragged, and there was a hole under each arm, he had better give it to some honest old man to cover his bones, and keep out the cold, and, he added, pointing across the room, "I believe it is now in this place. Is Hendy sitting there? If he is, he has on the identical coat. Hendy, just hoist him up, and let the people see the coat." No response was made to this appeal, and the captain then continued his subject, giving a further description of his voyage by the water navigation, and stating that he had never before realised the idea of an inland fresh water sea, but the vessel in which he went, a steamer of large size, was in a gale of wind, and rolled about as much as if she had been on the ocean.

* * * * * *

And now here is my Yankee chair. If you sit down in it, you can turn round any way you please, so that if you get into the fashionable habit of cutting your friends, it will be very convenient, because when they come up to you, you can turn round directly.

[The lecturer here resumed his seat, and the evening's proceedings closed by the awarding of a vote of thanks.]

"SOLDARITE."—This is a favorite word of Kossuth's. It is French, and has not yet found its way into our Dictionaries. It expresses generally that the life of man is not exclusively the life of an individual, but life which he possesses jointly with his race, that men live in *solido*, soldered together in one, if we may say so; that each man is an indivisible indissoluble of the life of all men, and all men are indivisible parts of each man. St. Paul gives its meaning thus:—"For, as we have many members in one body, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members of one another." See also Ephesians, iv., 25, and other places. No word in English conveys what is expressed by solidarité, or solidarity, as it is now generally printed. With this definition the reader will readily apprehend what is meant by the solidarity of nations now often used.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—We have a Bible, printed by J. S. & C. Adams, Amherst, Ms., in 1835, in which Joshua is declared to have been "the son of a Nun." (Exodus, chap. 33, v. 11.) We suppose others besides our Catholic brethren would object to the rendering of this verse.

Wit and Humor.

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.

The inquiring, exploring habits of the Yankee have been well hit off by legions of writers, but the *Knickerbocker* has turned out the best specimen yet:—

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him, a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black—and after shifting his position several times, manœuvring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length "caught her eye." He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation, "In affliction?" "Yes, sir," replied the lady. "Pa-rents?—father or mother?" "No, sir," replied the lady. "Child, perhaps?—a boy or gal?" "No, sir, *not* a child," was the response. "I *have* no children." "Husband, then, 'xpect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum—cholery?—a tradin'-man, mebbe?" "My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera."—"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant. "Save his *chist?*" he asked. "Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow. "*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "*Pious* man?" he continued. "He was a member of the Methodist church." The next question was a little delayed; but it came.—"Don't yeou think you had great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his *chist?*" "I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car-window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his "glittering eye" once more, and propounded *one* more query in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat,—"*Was you cal'latin' to git married ag'in?*" "Sir," [illegible] indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car. "Pears to be a little huffy," said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator, behind him; "she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one."

MY FATHER'S "SWOARD."—A friend mentioned to us this morning about as amusing an incident of vain-glorious boasting, by implication, as we remember ever to have heard. He had stopped at an inn in the interior of the pleasant county of Westchester, when presently his attention was arrested by an old fellow, with a very red nose, rheumy eyes, and a glass of rum-toddy in his shaking hand, who was setting forth some of the occurrences of his eventful life.

"Let's see, Billy," said a bystander, "wasn't you in New York at the time the British were there, before the evacuation?"

"Wal, no, not exactly when they was there; but I'll tell you all about it. My father fou't at Bunker Hill, and when he died, he left me his 'swoard,' and I said then that that 'swoard' shouldn't never be dishonored. And when I heerd that the blasted British was continuin' to stick in 'York, I got up our old gray mare, put a hoss-pistol into my pocket, and buckled my father's old 'swoard' onto my side, and put for the city. I got there in the mornin', but the British had left! Fact!—they'd cleared out, every one of 'em! Now, I don't say that they knew I was on the way, and left because I was a-comin'; but I do say that it looked deucedly like it!"

The uproarious laugh that followed this perfectly serious vaunting, so excited the wrath of the old toper, that he looked round the grinning company for a moment, smashed his old hat down upon his head, and indignantly left the room.—*Knickerbocker.*

A THEATRICAL JOKE.—Some time since, at one of the theatres in this city, one of the most accomplished actresses now on the stage was playing the part of a chambermaid, in the course of which it was the duty of a gallant footman to imprint upon her lips a kiss. With a false mustache and imperial, this is a matter of no little delicacy. In the present instance, a slight accident occurred which amused the audience much to the confusion of the actors. When the lips of the gallant footman and his *chere amie* separated, it was found that the imperial, owing to the superabundance of gluten, had changed faces, and the lady for once was bearded! The mirth of the audience intimated to madame that something must be done, and so she brought up the little abbreviated mock apron that chambermaids usually wear, to wipe off the loving lock, when presto, she brushed it right round under her left ear, and there it remained! The merriment which this new mishap excited, fairly forced the actors to beat a retreat.—*Boston Journal.*

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.—1. Keeping her accounts in preference to her album.

2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.

3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.

4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly,—or her dress three times a day.

5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."

6. Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.

7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

TEMPERATE DRINKING.—Senator Houston, from Texas, made a temperance address recently, at New York; a correspondent of one of our papers observes:

"The best thing said by the member from Texas was an anecdote in ridicule of those who profess that they drink because they know when to stop. An acquaintance, whose hiccup betrayed a slight degree of inebriation, in conversation with him declined to join a temperance society, though he admitted that he had an appetite for liquor. 'It was a habit,' he said, 'I can control, and when I find I can't control it,—hiccup—I'll quit it, but as long as I find I can control it—hiccup—I won't quit it.'"

A FUNNY PARSON.—Old Parson M———, of Torringford, was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had most of them fairly disposed of themselves for their afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking, in his loudest tone—"What's the price of butter?"

At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon, and said—"Those folks in my pew are my cousins from B———; so you needn't stare at them any more."

ROME AND AMERICA.—The block to the Washington Monument from Rome, was taken from the ancient Temple of Peace, adjoining the palace of the Cæsars, and is to receive the inscription, "Rome to America." We would respectfully suggest that a guide-board is good for nothing unless the distance is given thereon; hence we would have it read—

> ☞ ROME TO AMERICA,
> 4000 MILES.

—*Carpet Bag.*

A SHARP REPLY.—"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions, one morning, to old Roger.

"I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half-closed, as if taking aim at the victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat which has been paid for,—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

DISTINGUISHEDIA MARRIAGEIA.—The following marriage notice we find in a Western paper, which shows that they have aristocratic people there as well as anywhere else:—"On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Theodoreia Smithia, Mr. Jonathania Thumpkinia, to Miss Feliceia Pumpkinsia, all of Sykesvilleria. (We were favoredia with a pieceia of exquisiteia cakeia by the happyia coupleia.")

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Most of our juveniles during the winter season, are troubled with chapped hands; for the benefit of the mothers, who are obliged to listen to their endless complaints, we publish the following recipe for "chapped hands:"

"Take three drachms of gum camphor, three do. white beeswax, three do. spermaceti, and two ounces olive oil—put them together in a cup upon the stove, where they will melt slowly and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them."—*Exchange.*

Real and Ideal.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS,*
FROM ACTUAL OBSERVATION.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS,
AS DEPICTED BY IMAGINATIVE WRITERS.

Selected Articles.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The battle of Waterloo took place on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815. The French force consisted of probably about 75,000 men, and the English force did not exceed it. The tempest which had raged with so much violence during the night did not abate until the morning. The rain descended in torrents, succeeded as the morning advanced by a drizzling shower. In the early part of the night, in the midst of the storm, the respective armies bivouacked on the wet earth for rest. Bonaparte pitched his tent near the farm of Caillou, about five miles distant. The field where the great action was fought is an open, undulating plain, and on the day in question, was covered with splendid crops of rye, wheat, barley, clover and oats; some of the grain was of great height. Two slightly elevated semi-circular ridges or slopes rise upon the plain about half a mile apart, curving gently forward, somewhat in the form of a parenthesis. On the summit of one of these slopes rested the French, and on the other the English and allies. The English position rested upon three strong points of support, which may be properly called forts, viz.: Hougomont, an old Flemish castle, La Haye Sainte, a stone farm-house, and the hamlet of Mont St. Jean itself, composed of buildings of stone. This position was admirably strengthened by art, and here the Duke of Wellington determined to maintain his defence, until the arrival of the Prussians. The French had no supports of this nature to fall back upon; the ground occupied by them, although undulating, was quite clear and open. Between nine and ten the Duke passed along the line of his command, and was loudly cheered. He was dressed in his usual field costume: white buckskin pantaloons, Hessian boots and tassels, blue frock coat with short cloak of the same color, white cravat and sword, plain low-cocked hat without plume or ornament, to which was attached the large black cockade of Britain, with three smaller ones of Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands. In his right hand he carried a long telescope drawn out ready for use.

About the same time, Napoleon rode forth to review the French line. He was mounted on a dappled horse, and wore a grey surtout, with a green uniform coat and violet-colored waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same; and as he passed along the ranks, was saluted with shouts of enthusiasm.

A few minutes after eleven, the action commenced by a vigorous attack on Hougomont, by a body of 12,000 light troops under Prince Jerome. This attack, although maintained at a dreadful sacrifice of life, was not productive of any decided result. Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte were then assailed with great impetuosity, and the battle became general along the entire line. The French gained possession of La Haye Sainte and retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells. Cavalry charges, were then made against the British squares, but at length abandoned by the French with great loss. It was now seven o'clock, and the action had lasted for eight hours. Napoleon had not conquered, nor had he been defeated; meanwhile the Prussians had arrived in great strength, and were preparing to take a signal part in the affairs of the day. At this juncture, Bonaparte determined to bring up his reserve, the old guard, and to form it in two columns under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance, and to put forth one desperate and final effort to recover his sinking fortunes. Ney led the charge; it failed, and Waterloo was lost.

In this great battle the French had 246 guns on the field, the English 156, and the Prussians 104; making a total of 506. The noise of these pieces exceeded every thing of the kind the oldest soldiers had ever heard, and made the very earth to shake for miles around the field. After the action the gunners could hear nothing that was said to them. The guide pointed out a spot where, during the heat of the firing, one of the powder tumbrils exploded, threw the artilleryman into the air, and shook the horses to pieces. The echoes of the cannonade of this awful battle are said to have been heard on the Southern borders of the British Coast. Upwards of 50,000 men fell in the strife; 20,000 on the side of the allies and 30,000 on the side of the French. The losses of this day put Europe in mourning. England and France wept like mothers together. A visitor, who passed over the field on the following day, stated that as he approached it, the first thing that struck him at a distance was the quantity of caps and hats strewed over the ground. It appeared as if it had been covered with crows. The field itself seemed flooded with blood. The number of dead horses and men baffled computation. The peasantry employed in burying the dead generally stripped the bodies first, and thereby gained vast booty. The track over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was still covered with their spoil, and marked by the traces of horses, the wheels of cannon, and the deeper furrows of bombs and shells. A thousand French lay dead on this spot, and the quantity of holsters, standard-holders, bridles, straps and girths, denoted a fearful conflict of cavalry. The ground seemed quite cut to pieces with the struggling of the horses' feet. The well-known caps of the grenadiers of the French guard lay yet in considerable numbers, with the rags of their uniforms, and pieces of tartan, and black ostrich feathers; the plaids and plumes of Scotland.

A Highland sergeant left the ranks with the basket hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it until relieved by a blacksmith; and one of the English officers received twenty-four sabre wounds.—*Cor. Com. Ad.*

INTELLECT.—The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heart of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and I think the strength of their genius was over. Raffaele, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced greater works still. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before "he gave the world assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry, and yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written his Comus at twenty-six; but he was upwards of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might, till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.—*Old Bachelor.*

LOVE IN A WEDDING-RING.—Thousands of people are inquiring where love is to be found? I answer—in the wedding-ring. Is he not? What can have driven him away? Love is not a voluntary wanderer; he loves his home too well; he will dwell perpetually where he had made his home, if you will only permit that home to remain as you found it, when he took up his abode there. Then look for him in your wedding-ring. If he is not there, take shame to yourself for his flight, and strive to call him back.

IK MARVEL.

The public curiosity, and the entertainment of Ik Marvel's admirers, who live tens, hundreds or thousands of miles from Hope Chapel, may be our apology for giving a somewhat more minute description of his appearance and manner, than is usual.

Ik Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell,) is decidedly good-looking. He is slightly above the average height; in form, inclining to the slender. He is of a graceful, though not commanding figure. His face is full—call it fat, if you will—and fair and pale. He "wears" his black hair *à la* D—, longish and jantily; and his black whiskers, *à la Bulwer*, luxuriant and all the way round. Imperial and moustache are happily wanting. The finest feature of his face is that one which is most prominent in a profile. It is large and beautifully formed. He may be twenty-eight, thirty—possibly thirty-five—years of age. But there is a *bright*, winning, kindly look in his pale countenance, that gives him a more youthful aspect than—perhaps—he is entitled to. Distant reader, Ik Marvel looks very much as you would naturally expect the author of the "Reveries" to look.

There is a little—a very little, but still a little—of the dandy in his appearance. He buttons his dark frock-coat in the careless mode, by one or two buttons, which shows his figure to advantage, and allows his white handkerchief to nestle rather conspicuously in his bosom. But he looks like a gentleman and like an author; and he *is* both.

His manner of reading is characteristic—quiet, pleasing and effective. His voice scarcely fills the chapel, but it is singularly soft and musical. Leaning upon the desk with one arm, with the other holding his manuscript, or gracefully gesticulating, perfectly self-possessed, he reads with little attempt at oratorical effects, and imparts to his readers the same pleasure—not diminished and not increased—that they would enjoy over the perusal of the lecture. Therefore, though the audience listened with very marked attention, from the first sentence to the last, there was very little applause. The lecture kept on the even current of its beautiful way, without those extracts of thought or unexpected turns of expression, which startle an assembly, and elicit loud expressions of applause.

The word which best characterizes the literary merit of the lecture is, *elegance*. The thoughts are elegant, the style is elegant, its delivery was elegant. We scarcely needed to be informed that Washington Irving is Ik Marvel's literary master and *beau-ideal*. The finest parts of the lecture were the descriptive passages, some of which were exquisitely beautiful. There were three in particular—a picture of a picture, the rural scenery of England, and Greenwood Cemetery—which lacked no quality of poetry, save the form alone. Interspersed with the graver thoughts, there was an occasional touch of the humor of the "Lorgnette."

We are grateful to Ik Marvel for enlarging upon the "Use of Beauty" in the education of youth, and especially for averring the opinion that school-houses should be, *might* be, temples of beauty and palaces of delight. All should adorn them within, taste should decorate them without, and nothing but what is cleanly and harmonious should enter the hallowed place where children are trained and taught.

The impression which the author of the "Lorgnette" leaves upon the mind is, that he is a man in harmony with himself and with his objects. Nothing bitter or sarcastic escapes his lips. He seems to enjoy life, to enjoy his popularity, and his task, and to be at peace with all the world. He is by no means what is called a deep thinker. His forte evidently is, to observe and describe. As a delineator of the picturesque scenes of history,—for that, we hear, is his future task—we venture the prediction that he will be unrivalled; *provided* that he possesses the faculty of patient, plodding study.

In the career of most very successful authors, there have been three phases, or periods. The first is the period of their popularity. They write a book, or two, or three; the vein and the style are new; and they soar in one unhindered flight from the vale of obscurity to the heaven of renown. It was so with Goethe, Byron, Burns, Dickens, Schiller, Cooper. Then follows the period of detraction, toil and conflict, which either crushes, or else purifies and exalts them. Then come the calmer, surer triumphs of the mind mature; and their sun which was obscured at noonday, sets in glory. Ik Marvel is now in the dangerous enjoyment of a dazzling popularity. The tongue of envy is still silent, and he has known nothing but triumph. We trust that the applause of the world will serve but as a stimulant to his ambition greatly to deserve it. But let him not be surprised if, when he greatly deserves the world's applause, it should be bestowed more sparingly upon his further efforts, than on the brilliant effusions of his genius in its youth.—*Home Journal.*

VENTILATION.

"Why," says Thickskull, "whence comes all this clamour about Ventilation? If it is so vital a matter, why didn't our wise ancestors know something about it? Why didn't the want of it kill *them*? I'd like to know? I mistrust it's one of the new-fangled *isms*, and closely allied to Socialism and Infidelity!"

Most conservative Thickskull, your forefathers did not thrive in the absence of ventilation, but because *they didn't*. It is precisely because we have all departed necessarily and irrevocably, from their habits that special attention to ventilation has become so necessary. They lived far more in the open air and less in crowded assemblages than the present generation does; they sat around huge fire-places which voraciously sucked all the vitiated air up the chimney. They slept almost in spacious unpartitioned chambers and garrets, whence the stars were visible through the crevices in the sides and roof. *Such* bed-rooms needed no ventilators—need none now. The mischief is that you cannot have them or will not sleep in them. The hospitable old fire-place has been narrowed and lowered, or has given place to a stove or furnace; the bed-room is ceiled and papered; the doors are listed, the floors caulked, and the modern house, though in some respects more commodious and comfortable, is far less healthful and invigorating than those it has supplanted. Hence the necessity for special regard to ventilation.

There were hovels and dens of old, where the poor herded in atmosphere fouler if possible than that of our modern churches during service, and of our mansions on soirée nights; and from these Spotted Fever, Black Death, Plague, and other pestilences went forth to devastate the world. If you want these results of the wisdom of our ancestors back again, just blunder on in defiance of the monitions of science respecting respiration and air, and you will probably be accommodated.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.—There has rarely yet been a man fallen from prosperity into trouble, who has not found many friends, like those of Job, ready to lay all the blame of his misfortunes upon himself, and to trace his ruin to his misconduct, which now becomes apparent, or which is assumed even if no trace of it can be found. Oh, what a world were this, if man's happiness rested upon the judgment of his fellows, or if the troubled spirit had no appeal from man's judgment to One who judgeth righteously!—*Dr. Kitto.*

☞ A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

Some boys slept, from fatigue, on board of Nelson's ship, at the battle of the Nile. Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Corunna, in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of his soldiers steadily pursued their march while fast asleep. Burdach, however, affirms that this is not uncommon among soldiers. Franklin slept nearly an hour swimming on his back. An acquaintance of Dr. D———, travelling with a party in North Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing a hill, they found him on the ground snoring quietly. His horse had fallen, as was evident from his broken knees, and had thrown his rider on his head on a hard surface, without waking him.

Animals of the lower orders obey peculiar laws in regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and we are told by Aristotle that the tench may be taken in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds and beasts of prey take their repose in the day time. When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change, which makes us doubt whether it was not the result of necessity which demanded that they should take advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris, even the hyena sleeps at night, and is awake by day. They all, however, seek, as favoring the purpose, a certain degree of seclusion and shade, with the exception of the lion, who, Burdach informs us, sleeps at noonday, in the open plain—and the eagle and condor, which poise themselves on the most elevated pinnacle of rock in the clear, blue atmosphere, and dazzling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished with a nictitating membrane generally to shelter the eye from light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep under the shadow of a rock, or a woody bank. Of domestic animals, the horse seems to require least sleep, and that he usually takes in the erect posture.

Birds that roost in a sitting posture are furnished with a well adapted mechanism, which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the thighs are bent, thus contracting closely, and grasping the bow or perch. In certain other animals which sleep erect, the articulations of the foot and knee are described by Dumeril as resembling the spring of a pocket-knife, which opens the instrument and serves to keep the blade in a line with the handle.

☞ Poor Luther exclaims—"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a mill-stone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds, and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds and wears away."—*Companion of my Solitude.*

For the Young.

A SINGULAR FACT.

When the first English missionaries went to Tahiti, they passed round the Cape of Good Hope, to the East; and the American missionaries to Hawaii, passed round Cape Horn to the West. As a necessary consequence, there is between them the difference of one day and one night, in the reckoning of time. And hence, for thirty years there has existed, and still exists, in the Pacific Ocean, this singular fact—two groups of islands, lying on nearly the same degree of longitude, and not further apart than New York and London, and yet their inhabitants, who are Christianized, observing the Sabbath on different days of the week.

This singular fact may be explained even to the comprehension of children. The most of our young readers are sufficiently acquainted with astronomical geography to know, that the succession of day and night is caused by the apparent revolution of the sun from East to West, or the actual revolution of the earth on its own axis, from West to East. If, then, a person should set out and travel entirely around the world, in the same direction with the earth's motion, he would gain one apparent revolution of the sun, or exactly one day and night. Or, if he should go in the opposite direction, or with the sun, he would lose one apparent revolution of the sun, or one day and night. Therefore, if two persons should travel around the earth in opposite directions, when they met at the point they started from, they would differ exactly two days in their reckoning of time; the one being one day ahead, and the other one day behind the reckoning of those who had remained stationary in the place. Or, if they had met on the other side of the globe and compared notes, they would have differed one day; the one having gained, and the other having lost, just half a revolution of the earth on its axis.

This consideration fully explains the above remarkable fact, now existing in the evangelized island of the Pacific Ocean. If you go West to the Sandwich Islands, you find them keeping the Sabbath on the same day with yourselves. If, then, you should pass almost directly South, to the Society Islands, you would find that their Sabbath had occurred the day before yours.—Or, if you go from here East, and stop first at the Society Islands, you would find them keeping Sabbath on the same day with yourselves. Then pass North to the Sandwich Islands, their Sabbath would occur the day after yours.

You see, then, both are *right*, and both *wrong*. How shall they be brought together? If the inhabitants of either group shall sail entirely around the world, in a direction opposite to that in which the first missionaries came, they would both agree in the days of the week. The same thing can be effected only by dropping or adding one day of the week in their respective calendars. But which shall do it is the point of difficulty to be determined.—*Family Treasury.*

CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

Q. If *air* be a *bad conductor* of heat, why should we not feel as warm *without* clothing as when we are wrapped in wool and fur?

A. Because the air (which is cooler than our body) *is never at rest*; and every fresh particle of air *draws off a fresh portion of heat.*

Q. Why are *woollens* and *furs* used for *clothing* in *cold* weather?

A. Because they are *very bad conductors* of heat; and, therefore, *prevent the warmth of the body from being drawn off* by the cold air.

Q. Do not woollens and furs actually *impart* heat to the body?

A. No; they merely *prevent the heat of the body from escaping.*

Q. Where would the heat *escape* to, if the body were *not* wrapped in wool or fur?

A. The heat of the body would *fly off* into the air; for the cold air (coming in contact with our body) would *gradually draw away its heat*, till it was as cold as the air itself.

Q. What then is the *principal use* of *clothing* in winter time?

A. 1st.—To prevent the animal heat from escaping too freely; and

2nd.—To protect the body from the *external air* (or wind,) which would carry away its heat too rapidly.

Q. Why are *beasts covered* with *fur, hair* or *wool?*

A. Because fur, hair and wool, are *very slow* conductors of heat; and (as dumb animals cannot be clad, like human beings) God has given them a *robe of hair* or *wool to keep them warm.*

Q. Why are *birds* covered with *down* or *feathers?*

A. Because down and feathers are *very bad conductors* of heat; and (as birds cannot be clad, like human beings) God has given them a *robe of feathers, to keep them warm.*

Q. Why are *wool, fur, hair* and *feathers*, such *slow conductors* of heat?

A. Because a *great quantity of air* lurks entangled between the fibres; and *air* is a *very bad* conductor of heat.

The warmest clothing is that which fits the body rather *loosely*; because more hot air will be confined by a moderately *loose* garment than by one which fits the body *tightly.*

Q. Why is moderately *loose* clothing *warmer* than that which fits *tightly?*

A. Because air is a *bad conductor*; and the quantity of air confined between our bodies and clothing—prevents;

1st.—The heat of our bodies from *escaping*; and

2nd.—The external air from coming into *contact* with our bodies. But if our clothing is sufficiently *loose* to admit of a *free circulation* of air, we shall feel *cold*; and on the contrary if it fits *very tightly* it impedes the free circulation of the blood and we feel *cold.*

Q. Does not the bad conducting power of air enable persons to judge whether an egg be *new* or *stale?*

A. Yes; touch the larger end of the shell with your tongue; if it *feels warm*, the *egg is stale*; if *not*, it is new-laid.

Q. Why will the *shell* of a *stale egg* feel *warm* to the tongue?

A. Because the thick end of the egg contains *a small quantity of air* (between the shell and the white;) when the egg is stale the white *shrinks*, and the confined *air* accordingly *expands.*—From "*Familiar Science,*" *edited by R. E. Peterson.*

HE WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

He went to seek his fortune, girls,
And such a search had he!
He wander'd east—he wander'd west—
By land, and mount, and sea.
When every shore he'd travelled o'er,
And proved it vain to roam,
He turn'd about, where he set out,
And found it NEARER HOME!
And found it nearer home, my girls,
Away from shore and sea;
For FORTUNE's gate is fixed to fate
Till WOMAN finds the key.

So *I* became his fortune, girls,
His dearest wealth in life;
And oft he's told the best of gold
Was in a careful wife!
He wonders yet how he could set
On such a quest to roam;
For 'tis confest that fortune's chest
Is ever found at home!
Is ever found at home, my girls,
Away from shore and sea;
Though fortune's box had DOUBLE locks,
We girls would find the key!

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.—How different the sentiment of these words, from the current maxims of the world! What a contrast between the truth which they assert, and the views of most men! In worldly circles, the gay, the jovial spirit is esteemed the happy one. He that seems free from all care, that can laugh, and sing, and dance, and be the liveliest of the lively, is looked upon as the most highly favored. Elevated on the giddy height of pleasure, he is admired, and caressed, and imitated by the thoughtless multitudes around him. This is the estimate of the world, but it is a false estimate. One, who knew far better than the world, has expressed a different opinion. In the face of worldly policy, the Lord Jesus has said—"Blessed are they that mourn." Passing by all those looked up to by their fellow-men, He has decided that they are blessed, of whom the world had never suspected that they could be so. What! says the worldling, the mourner happy! blessed! How can it be? And yet it must be, for Christ has said it is so.

But should Christ have said this of all who mourn? Is there no exception to be taken? No discrimination to be made? Doubtless He would have expressed a different opinion of those who lament the loss of worldly pleasures which they once enjoyed. Many, like the mixed multitudes which came out of Egypt, look back upon the sources of gratification which they once possessed, and because these have failed, give way to grief, and utter loud complaints. So, too, would we have spoken differently of those who give way to excessive grief under affliction. Such, refusing to be comforted, cherish hard thoughts of God. Their hearts rise in rebellion against the dealings of His providence. They mourn, it is true, but without submission to the Divine will. Surely, the Saviour would not call these blessed. No more would He, those who weep over their sins, merely because they fear the consequences. Some, like Esau, will sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, and when they find they are in danger of losing the blessing, will, like him, lift up their voices, and lament their folly. In the case of any such, we cannot suppose that Christ would pronounce them blessed.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SELECTION OF A CARPET.—The walls being properly papered, the next thing is to consider the pattern of the carpet. In this also the rule must be followed, of selecting small patterns for small rooms. There is economy in this, as well as taste, because small-patterned carpets are generally found the most durable. As a rule, a formal geometrical pattern is best for a carpet; it should be something which does not appear unnatural to tread upon. It is a mistake to put flowers, trees, or figures of birds or animals, into a carpet, for we do not walk on such things; far other are their purposes and uses. Sometimes a carpet is made to represent a picture or landscape, which is also a mistake, for it offends our notions of propriety to see such objects spread on a floor. In the formal pattern, all these defects are avoided; it is not unusual to walk upon ornamental pavements or floors, and we are not displeased at seeing varieties of similar ornaments reproduced in a carpet. Those persons who have seen the House of Lords will remember that the pattern of the carpet is nothing more than a small amber-colored star, on a deep blue ground, which, simple as it appears, harmonizes admirably with the superb decorations of the spacious edifice.

Another reason why a small pattern should be chosen, is, that it suits best with the furniture of a room. The furniture must of course cover some portions of the carpet, so that if the pattern be large, there is so much confusion between what is seen and what is hidden, that a very disagreeable effect is produced. With a small pattern, on the contrary, the concealing of a portion by the furniture does not spoil the effect of that which remains uncovered. In general suitability the Turkey carpet is the best; it is adapted for almost any style of furniture, and no one ever gets tired of it, owing to the perfect naturalness and harmony of the pattern. Let it be remembered, that neither on the wall nor on the floor should there be any one strong predominating color which injures the effect of everything else in the room. As a rule, the color of the carpet should be darker than that of the walls; very light patterns are most suitable for bedrooms.

HUMILITY.—The whole Roman language, says Wesley, even with all the improvements of the Augustin age, does not afford so much as a name for humility. The word from which we borrow this, as is well-known, having in Latin a quite different meaning; no, nor was it found in all the copious language of the Greeks till it was made by the Great Apostle.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 19, 7, 12, is a precious metal.
My 2, 11, 20, is a kind of fish.
My 3, 10, 13, 7, is an article used by carpenters.
My 4, 6, 15, is what we do every day.
My 5, 10, 11, 9, is a place of amusement.
My 6, 17, 10, 19, 7, 21, was a General in the Revolution.
My 7, 2, 18, 13, is a Catholic fast.
My 8, 4, 15, 18, 19, 9, 1, is a foolish and sinful practice.
My 9, 18, 12, is what we must all have.
My 10, 13, 2, is part of a pen.
My 11, 6, 17, is an organ of one of the senses.
My 12, 4, 11, 8, is a beautiful animal.
My 13, 14, 9, is a great luxury in summer.
My 14, 16, 15, is a domestic animal.
My 15, 10, 6, 21, is a small reptile.
My 16, 10, 15, is an industrious insect.
My 17, 4, 12, is a color.
My 18, 9, 12, is a nickname for a boy.
My 19, 3, 11, is a number.
My 20, 6, 1, is part of the body.
My 21, 16, 3, 13, 2, 7, is a man's name.
My whole was a traitor to his country.
Mason, Ga. A. S. D.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 7, 10, 6, 2, 9, 13, 2, is used as a beverage.
My 2, 5, 7, 11, is a sort of tree.
My 3, 2, 15, 9, 6, is one of the senses.
My 4, 7, 5, 5, 14, 2, 9, 13, is a place where travellers usually stop.
My 5, 11, 11, 15, is useful to persons making a journey on foot.
My 6, 11, 14, is an edible that is neither fish, flesh or vegetable.
My 7, 4, 13, 8, 14, 7, is a county in the State of New York.
My 8, 4, 9, 8, is a character in music.
My 9, 13, 2, 5, 3, 2, 5, 6, belongs to the fixtures of a ship.
My 10, 6, 9, 4, pervades all bodies.
My 11, 13, 5, is a fish.
My 12, 6, 11, 5, is a part of a ship.
My 13, 3, 10, is a wild animal.
My 14, 7, 1, 5, 6, 9, is a drinking vessel.
My 15, 10, 8, 16, 11, 5, is an ancient ruin.
My whole was a battle near the city of Philadelphia in one of the wars of America with England, and though the parties were in close contact, none were killed or wounded on either side.
Quincy, Ill. J. M. C.

PROBLEM.

The expense of a pic-nic party was found to be $19.81, which was just as many cents for each individual as the whole number of persons in the company—how many persons were there?
Tallahassee, Fa. P. L.

CHARADE.

My first is a tree which with cedars will vie;
My second's the tenderest part of the eye;
My whole is a fruit which to none will give place
For delicate flavor and exquisite taste.
Montpelier, Vt. L. M. L.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a person's mouth like a public park? Ans.—When it contains several acres. (Achers.)

☞ Why is a mouse-trap like a house of hospitality? Ans.—Because the visitor is pressed to remain.

☞ Why is a song that is badly sung like a man that requires a wig? Ans.—Because it is bawled. (Bald.)

☞ Why should Adam be the patron of cobblers? Ans.—Because he was the father of all. (Awl.)

☞ Why is a one-armed man a frank, good-natured person? Ans.—Because he is an off-handed sort of a fellow.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—WASHINGTON.

ENIGMA.—THOMAS H. BENTON.

REBUS.—CAKES—CASES.

PROBLEM.

Outer diameter	13.4086 inches
Inner do.	13.3022 do
Thickness of shell	.05355 do.

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.—To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or the wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; and never to be punished for doing wrong by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is a burden to them, need not be surprised, should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him.

Agricultural.

THE SUNFLOWER.

A WORD TO FARMERS.

"The sunflower is destined to be one of our greatest agricultural products," yet but few know its value. I have raised and tested it, and think no farmer who has much land should be without it for feeding various animals, and the oil it produces. It has yielded with me, from 90 to 100 bushels per acre, manured the same as for corn. I plant in drills, between three and four feet apart, and scatter the seed about six inches distant in the rows—using from four to five quarts per acre.

When ripe, as the large heads begin to shell out, I cut it up, and leave it scattered in rows to dry, and when thoroughly cured, draw it into my barn, handling it carefully, and placing it on an airy scaffold. When wanted, the seed will nearly all shell out by throwing it down, and it needs but little pounding. Clean in a common fanning mill.

One hundred pounds of the seed will yield forty pounds of oil; one bushel will make a gallon of oil. I had part of my seed made into oil at a common oil mill, and used it for burning in lamps, and tested it well for painting. Our house has been painted a long time; and it wears fully equal to those where linseed is used, and the walls are left more glossy, as though a little varnish had been applied.

The oil-cake is nearly equal to any other—and there is nothing better to feed to hens in winter than sunflower seed; they did not know what it was at first, but by mixing it with oats, they gradually grew fond of it, and produced eggs more abundantly than usual on other food. The seed is well known to be good for horses, and is well worth fifty cents a bushel to the farmer. I hope they will test this matter for themselves, and am sure they will find it profitable to raise their own oil, &c., as I have done.
H. C. ADGATE.

Rural New Yorker.

HINTS ON THE TREATMENT OF COWS.

CURRYING.—Cattle are well known to thrive much better where this operation is thoroughly performed; and Doctor Bush, in a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals, states that there is an improvement in the quality of the milk, and an increase in its quantity, which are obtained by currying the cow.

MILKING.—Be assured by experience of the truth of the saying that "one cow well milked is worth two badly milked."

CURWEN, from three acres of grass, cut and fed to thirty milk cows, 28 pounds each day for 200 days. Their health was excellent and their milk superior.

MILK CLEAN.—The first drawn milk contains only 5, the second 8 and the fifth 17 per cent. of cream.

KICKING.—If the milker will keep his nails short, not one cow in a hundred will kick.

SORES.—An ointment made of linseed oil and white lead will cure cracked teats.

DRINK.—Those who wish their cows to give large messes of milk in the winter season should give them warm drink. The extra trouble will be more than repaid by the increased quantity of milk.

IN MILKING be kind and soothing; the cow will give down her milk more freely.

CREAM.—Do not milk so far from the dairy as to let the milk cool before it is put in the creaming dishes.

ONIONS.—I wish for a little information on the subject of raising onions. I tried some two or three years, and have utterly failed; the immediate cause is maggots, which attack the roots about the time they begin to bottom. If you can give the desired information through the columns of your valuable paper, you will confer a favor on at least one subscriber.

Jan 24, 1852. R.

REMARKS.—There should be no difficulty in raising, generally, a plentiful crop of onions. They require a friable, loamy, rich and deep soil, not a sandy or a clayey one. After a crop has been taken off the onion tops should be dug in with plenty of well-rotted manure. In the Spring cover the bed liberally with ashes, and dig it in, then roll the ground with a moderate pressure, and sow the seed. If under this treatment you do not get a good crop of onions, friend "R.," it will be from some other cause than the want of good cultivation. You must then look to see if there are not shade trees too near, or that the onion patch is in some way deprived of the full influences of the sun.—*New England Farmer.*

A REMARKABLE HEN.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, in marketing a day or two since, bought from a wagon a hen of ordinary size and appearance, but the great weight of which excited his curiosity, and upon having it killed and cleaned, a remarkable fact was disclosed, and its extraordinary weight accounted for—the creature was found to contain *twenty-five eggs*, eighteen of which were of full size, with yolks and whites, although their shells were still soft; the remaining eight were of a yellow color, and varied in size from that of a hickory nut to that of a cherry. This remarkable bird was purchased in the Charleston market from Mr. Bradley, the keeper of the Four Mile House, near this city, and has been returned to his hands for the inspection of his customers and the curious in such matters.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

TO DESTROY WORMS ON TREES.—The efficiency of a decoction of tobacco in preserving elm, linden and other shade trees from the ravages of the worm, has been satisfactorily established by repeated experiments. This specific, we learn, has been tried in Washington, by the Commissioner of Public Buildings, on the elms in front of the Capitol steps, and by the keeper of the grounds at the War and Navy Departments on both elm and linden trees, and in each case was attended with perfect success. The decoction is destructive both to the bug which feeds on these trees, and to the eggs which it deposits on the other side of the leaf. The proper time for the application is as soon as the leaves are well developed, at which time the presence of the bug may be easily perceived.

KINDNESS IS ECONOMY.—Kindness always meets with its reward. The more comfortable a farmer keeps his cattle, the less it costs him for mangel wurtzel. To cure men of cruelty, all that's necessary is to teach them to cypher.—Whenever you see a cow housed "out doors," just set the owner down as an ignoramus, whose want of feeling has been brought about not by a bad heart, but by too limited a knowledge of the "Rule of Three." In our opinion there is nothing that pays such dividends as goodness. Try it on.—*Dutchman.*

HOW TO CATCH A SHEEP.—In catching sheep never seize them by the wool on the back, as it hurts them exceedingly, and has, in some cases, been known to kill them, particularly in hot weather, if they are large and fat. Indeed, the best way is to avoid the wool altogether, and to accustom yourself to take them by the hind leg, or, what is still better, by the neck, placing one hand under the jaw, and the other at the back of the ears; by lifting up the head, a child may hold almost any sheep.

PROFITS OF FARMING.—It is not pretended by any one, who is well acquainted with the business, that a farm in Massachusetts will pay six per cent. on the cost unless the owner lives on it and devotes his time to it as he would to the business of trade or in manufacturing. He cannot buy a farm and let it out to husbandmen for a long course of years and realize his six per cent.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

☞ To prevent oxen from crowding, it is only necessary to lengthen the yoke, often, in extreme cases, from 12 to 18 inches longer than those usually worn.

The Olio.

THE NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about the nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows
Noses are always *touched*, when lips are kissing;
And who would dare to kiss where nose was missing.
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be our moral means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND MANKIND.—Strange as it may sound, I believe few people will, on reflection, deny that a most remarkable difference exists between a man and what is termed mankind—in fact, between the intelligence of the human being and that of the species to which he belongs.

If a man of common, or the commonest abilities, be watched throughout a day, it is quite delightful to remark how cleverly he adapts his conduct to the various trifling unforeseen circumstances which may occur—how shrewdly, as through a labyrinth, he pursues his own interest, and with what nimbleness he can alter his plans, or as it is vulgarly termed, change his mind, the instant it becomes advisable for him to do so. Appeal to him on any plain subject, and you find him gifted with quick perception, possessed of ready judgment, and his eye sparkling with intelligence. Now mix a dozen men together, and intellect begins to coagulate; in short, by addition, you have produced subtraction. One man means what he cannot clearly explain—another ably expresses what he did not exactly mean—one, while disputing his neighbor's judgment, neglects his own—another indolently reclines his head upon his neighbor's brain—one does not see—another forgets to foresee—in a word, though any one pilot could steer the vessel into port, with twelve at the helm she inevitably runs on the rock. Now, instead of a dozen of men, if any thing be committed to the care, judgment or honor of a large body, or as it is not inaptly termed, a "corporation" of men, their torpor, apathy, and sloth are indefinitely increased, and if instead of a corporation, it be left to that nonentity, a whole nation—the total neglect it meets with is beyond all remedy. Thus the individuals of a community, compared with the community itself, are like a swarm of bees compared with bees that have swarmed or clung together in a lump; as the countryman stands shaking the dull mass from the bough, one can scarcely believe it is composed of little, active, intelligent, busy creatures, each armed with a sting as well as with knowledge, and with arrangements which one can hardly sufficiently admire.—*Bubbles from Brunnen.*

MINISTER'S WIVES.—1. We perceive that it is the duty of churches to set apart young women, and educate them for ministers' wives.

2. When a church is about to call a pastor, they should appoint a Special Committee to visit his wife, and ascertain whether she be able or willing to perform the labor of five ordinary women, without any compensation except the crumbs which fall from her master's (husband's) table.

3. A minister's wife should be always at home, and always abroad; always serving God, and always serving table.

Lastly, she must be a little more prudent than our Saviour, for He had favorites among His disciples, which in her is unpardonable.—To prevent this, let a committee of the most jealous, meddlesome, fault-finding women be appointed to dictate to her when, and how often she shall visit each family.

Oh! who would not be
A MINISTER'S WIFE.

EVE'S APPLE.—There is a tree found in the Island of Ceylon, which bears the name of Eve's Apple Tree. The apples on it are suspended by a long peduncle, or thread, and bob about in the air like cherries, having a strong look of "Come eat me," or at any rate of "Come feel me." It is almost impossible to pass this curious production without taking hold of the vegetable ball, as it hangs at the end of the thread. Eve, it is but charitable to suppose, indulged in this natural and inevitable curiosity, and as the thread is exceedingly brittle, the apple came off in her hand, without her having any intention to pluck it. Having plucked the fruit, she very naturally tasted it.

Curiously enough, these apples have all the appearance as if a piece had been bitten out of them. They are poisonous, and some of the English soldiers in Ceylon have died in consequence of eating them.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.—Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we should never have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, a conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of everyday life; how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the differences of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect—shows us that beneath all these the noblest elements of our human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life led us to suppose. The world, after all, is better, in many things, than we take it to be.

OLD WOMEN.—If a whimsical or a ridiculous story is told, it is sure to relate to an old woman. If a man lacks wit, or is any way eccentric in his ideas of neatness and propriety, he is called an old woman. A deficiency of firmness of purpose, or timidity in his intercourse with the world, subjects one to a similar epithet; and yet, what does the common sense of his saying amount to? Simply this, that a man is like his mother! And who, pray, is a real mother? A being filled with devotedness and disinterested love for her offspring. Did any one ever hear of a selfish mother?—of one who would not practice self-denial that she might minister to her children? Here, then, is a trait of which is in reality old womanish, and the only one in our mind, that distinguishes the peculiarities of venerable females from those of selfish, bombastic man!

A COTTAGER'S LAMENT.—An English *laborer*, whose child was suddenly killed, by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines, suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful:

Sweet, laughing child!—the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away;
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall!
Her *little hindering thing* is gone;
And undisturbed she may work on!

For Housekeepers.

BOILED CUSTARD.—Eight eggs, one quart of milk, sugar to the taste. Add the sugar to the milk with any thing to flavor it you choose.—Set it over the fire, and as soon as it begins to boil stir in the beaten eggs very gradually—stir all the time one way; as soon as it is thick take it off the fire, or it will curdle. Fill your cups and stand it away to cool. Grate nutmeg over before they are sent to table.

SHORT CAKES.—Half a pound of butter, a pound of flour; cold water to form a dough.—Cut up the butter in the flour, and rub it until they are thoroughly mixed. Roll the dough out in sheets, and cut the cakes with a cutter or tumbler. Serve them hot, split them open, and eat them with butter.

HARD BISCUITS.—Four pounds of flour, three ounces of butter, four eggs, salt to taste, milk enough to form a dough. Take out a tea cupful of the flour and set it aside. To the remainder add the butter cut up small, the eggs well beaten, a little salt, and milk enough to form a dough.—Knead the dough well, then roll it out, sprinkle over it a portion of the reserved flour, roll it out again and sprinkle on more flour till all the flour is used. Roll it out thin, cut out your cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.—*National Cook Book.*

YEAST.—The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through bran, or by dipping red-hot charcoal in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is to put the yeast in a large pan and cover it with well or spring water, changing it every three or four hours. The bran seems to impair the strength, and the coal sometimes stains it, but the water purifies it in color and taste.

The mode of using water for keeping and purifying yeast has been adopted by some of the American housekeepers with entire success. So says the Gardener's Chronicle.